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NOW READY.

FABLES OF ÆSOP & OTHERS,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH,

WITH INSTRUCTIVE APPLICATIONS,
AND ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY SAMUEL CROXALL, D. D.

1 Volume, 12mo, 358 pages. Price, \$1.00.

NEW EDITION OF ÆSOP'S FABLES. Although Mr. Burnham's new edition of Æsop's Fables is not very beautifully printed or elegantly illustrated, it will nevertheless greatly please and delight elderly readers, inasmuch as it is an exact reprint of the very impression of the Phrygian Fabulist which they used to read and thumb when young. Yes, my dear Sir or Madam, 'tis a reprint of the good old translation of honest, industrious, simple-minded Parson Croxall, with its numerous admirably poor and excellently bad wood cuts, which so amused and entertained you when a child.

And as Charles Lamb preferred the plates of Rowe and Tonson's edition of *Shakspere*

to the Shakspeare gallery engravings, so we had rather have a copy of this edition of *Æsop*, with its familiar old wood cuts, than one illustrated by the best living artists. Indeed, we joy to look upon these queer, quaint, old engravings. They strangely move and interest us. Somehow, as we turn the leaves and gaze upon these remarkable specimens of art, we seem to be a boy again—a happy, cheerful, joyous school boy, in vacation time—sitting in an old flag-bottomed chair, in an old garret of an old house, in the fine old town of G., reading an old, torn, coverless copy of Croxall's *Æsop*.

And what a fund of amusement and entertainment did we find in that old book! We thought we should never grow tired of the work. Nor have we, indeed. We dare say we read the book then with more gusto than we do now, but however that may be, we are still an admiring reader of the Fables of *Æsop*. In fact there are four books—*Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and *Æsop's Fables*—that all children read, admire, believe and never forget. And in all the books you have read in your life (except one) did you, reader, ever find one that contained more valuable and entertaining matter for both young and old than *Æsop's Fables*? Why, there is more practical wisdom concerning the conduct of life in these Fables than in all the sermons preached in all the churches in Christendom. George Herbert, you know, says "A verse may find him who a sermon flies;" and true it is that to many to whom professed treatises on morality are as unpalatable as senna or rhubarb to a child, have by the reading of *Æsop* for pleasure and delectation, only grown wiser and better. Who so has a knowledge of *Æsop's Fables* cannot be called an ignorant man; nor is he who practices a tithe of the goodness they inculcate a bad man.

Æsop is, undoubtedly, the father of fable, and for over two thousand years his epilogues have amused, instructed and delighted mankind. They have been translated into we know not how many languages; and imitated, improved (?), embellished, and paraphrased

KNOW NOT HOW MANY LANGUAGES; AND IMITATED, IMPROVED (I), EMBELLISHED, AND PARAPHRASED

THE STARS AND STRIPES

IN

REBELDOM.

A SERIES OF PAPERS WRITTEN BY FEDERAL PRISONERS (PRIVATE) IN RICHMOND, TUSCALOOSA, NEW ORLEANS, AND SALISBURY, N. C.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

SECOND THOUSAND.

BOSTON:
T. O. H. P. BURNHAM,
143 WASHINGTON STREET.

1862.

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P R E F A C E.

SUFFICIENT excuse for the appearance of this little volume will be found in the often repeated request, by my fellow-prisoners of war, that the "Stars and Stripes" might be published for circulation among our personal friends. The general interest felt by the public at large in all the vicissitudes to which our soldiers are liable, has proved *its* claim to be considered among the personal friends of the released prisoners of war. To the public, therefore, this book is sent out with a kindly greeting from the fourteen hundred soldiers released by the rebels in May last.

Written with no thought of publication, but only to enliven some of the weary hours of a ten months' imprisonment, it is to be hoped the usual methods of criticism will not be applied to these productions. We know that those who waited through those long months for the return of exiled friends, will look

with a kindly eye upon anything which will throw light upon those dark hours of prison-life.

As prisoners of war, we were unable to fight for that glorious flag of our love, and naturally chose to call this collection of papers which should testify to our faithfulness to our God, our country, and our manhood, by that name dearest to our hearts — “The Stars and Stripes!”

To my fellow-prisoners, who, after weary months of confinement by the rebels, have returned to hate the rebellion the more, and who feel no duty in life so strong as that of forgetting all personal hopes, until treason is banished from the land, this volume is respectfully dedicated.

W. C. B.

Boston, July, 1862.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Published by the Union Lyceum at Parish Prison, N. O.

EDITED BY GEORGE T. CHILDS.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER 28, 1861.

No. 1.

IN offering the first number of our new paper we deem it unnecessary to ask for it the goodwill of all the members of our Society; while to the world outside, we are confident the uplifting of the good old Flag in the midst of our enemies, will be received with hearty welcomes. Shut out from the advantages of the press, the telegraph, and the lyceum, we shall endeavor to create a little world of our own, and to enjoy the benefits of a newspaper, the debate, and the social gathering. To this end we have organized an association with every prospect of success, and this paper is to be our organ. We shall endeavor to secure the latest reports of battles, of our prospects of release, and of all items of interest. By the aid of an efficient corps of reporters we shall be able to present each issue the latest

and most reliable reports; while having secured from among our number the best talent, we shall also be able to present the finest literary efforts of our finest writers; our columns will be open to all, but all personalities will be carefully omitted. We shall treat impartially upon all matters of interest in our society, and endeavor to promote its interests everywhere; shall be the unflinching advocate of the policy of our government, and permit nothing detrimental to its interests to find place in our columns. Entreating the contributions of our members, we launch our little craft upon the tide of public favor. Calling to our aid all our friends, asking the charity of all, we offer this first number.

THE UNION LYCEUM.

THIS has been accepted as the title of our new Society, and we think very appropriately. As prisoners, the name Union means all that is dear to our hearts; and separated from all the blessings of that Union, we give to our association this name, which will insure its success. It is the intention of the association

to hold weekly meetings, to participate in readings and declamations, and the reading of our paper. At our last meeting the following list of officers were chosen:—

President, W. C. BATES, of Massachusetts.

Vice-President, W. H. SCOTT, of Ohio.

Secretary, C. S. CHAPMAN, of Michigan.

Editor, GEO. T. CHILDS, of Massachusetts.

Debate Committee, { L. WARREN, of Ohio.
E. K. SMITH, of Ohio.

Declamation Committee, { H. O. BIXBY, of New Jersey.
ALEX. PARKER, of Ohio.



THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.

BY PHILO.

ONE of our eminent modern writers has defined a great man to be one into whose plane of thought most men rise with difficulty. We are not about to apply this high place to the classic author of the "House of Seven Gables," but it suggests to us what we think to be a truth—that Mr. Hawthorne shows a refinement of conception and delicacy of description which stamp him as an uncommon writer and at the same time nullifies the common modes of criticism. These characteristics are perhaps more

noticeable in his later work, "The Marble Faun," as would be natural, dealing as it does with a subtle principle, and located in the midst of Poetry and Art as it is. Still; in the work before us, as well as in "Blithedale" and "The Scarlet Letter," you recognize the æsthetic culture of the sometime custom-house official and quondam socialist. Living in the scholarly retirement of Concord, we are led to hope from Mr. Hawthorne another contribution, to our literature which will still further confirm his reputation as one of the most chaste writers of his age.

Judging this as a work of fiction merely, the reader would be apt to complain of the meagreness of dramatic incident and commonplace termination of the plot. The writer aptly draws a definition between the Novel and Romance, — placing his work in the latter class. What little moral he professes to aim at is the hereditary curse of ill-gotten wealth; nor does the elucidation of this somewhat doubtful theory please us more than the story itself. Where, then, are we to look for that excellence we expect from an author of such varied culture as Mr. Hawthorne? As in real life we regard the

accidents of birth, marriage, and death, and the intermediate junketings of fortune, important only as far as they develop *the character, the inner life, the oneness*, so in a work of art we regard the respective *characters* as the main body of the work; and in such proportion as we can successfully answer the questions, are they distinctive, original, symmetrical, or consistent, is the success of the book to be determined. Under this light, the book before us welcomes our criticism, and bids fair to come out, if not with loud huzzas, at least with the more enduring praise of cordial sympathy with the author's quaint conception and genial description.

The legendary curse of Mathew Maule, and the traditionary life of Col. Pincheon, are gracefully told, while the former illustrates those dark days of Salem witchcraft. The character of Clifford chiefly portrays the artist's power, wherever else the interest of the reader may centre. Shut out from the world for a lifetime, in expiation of another's fault, he returns to life painfully simple,—a child-man. The effect of the little incidents of that quiet life under charge of Hepzibah and Phœbe, bring out the artist's

skill; nor are any of the events of that almost eventless life too trifling to mention. The humming-birds in the bean-vine, the pebbles in the well, the hand-organ in the street, are the fingers of destiny playing upon the delicate organization of that simple heart, awaking a mournful melody, soft as summer zephyrs. Hepzibah, gaunt, scowling, and prim, is tenderly described — a fitting episode to so long a life under the shadow of the gloomy gables. We gladly leave her at the entrance of bright, smiling Phœbe, a healthy New England girl, not with the saintly attributes of Hilda or the erratic genius of Miriam, in the "Marble Faun," but fresh, sensible, and (we agree with Holgrave) lovable. Holgrave, a young man of twenty-two, is, as the author intimates, a common character in New England life, — we like the *specimen*, whatever fault may be found with the class, — with a tendency to radicalism; he may develop into the earnest philanthropist, subside into the cautious conservative, or sink into the cynical socialist. We see here something of the author's own wanderings in the midst of improved Fourierism, although in "Blithedale," a romance of "Brook Farm," he has set himself right with

the world. But we linger too long upon the details of the book. With not a little humor, considerable philanthropy, and always genial and cheerful, we give it a place among the works of an author whose position as a graceful, healthful writer is secure.



THE PROSPECT.

WITH but few means at our disposal, whereby we may judge of the progress of the war,—and those coming from one side,—it may seem entirely speculative to consider for a few moments the prospect of a speedy termination of the war and the overthrow of this bogus confederacy, which, after virtually ruling this nation for a quarter of a century, has, upon its downfall from power, attempted to establish a government founded upon the worst principles of injustice and oppression. The question—Is our government progressing as rapidly as is possible in the subjugation of the rebellion? is often asked. With plenty of money, an abundance of men, and, as we have every reason to believe, the sympathy of the civilized world, are they doing all they

should in ending this terrible war? Our main purpose in treating of this subject is to answer, as far as possible, the many complaints heard on every hand that our government has failed to perform her promises. At the commencement of this contest it was hardly supposed the rebellion extended beyond the Cotton States; and either by the aid, or at least the neutrality of the Border States, but little doubt was held that before winter the rebellion would be overthrown. But as one after another of the Border States yielded to the force of circumstances and swelled the rebel forces, and enlisted their fortunes under the rebel banner, it became apparent that an immense force and a longer time would be necessary to prove our government strong enough to punish treason at home, and restore our land to its former union and harmony. Of the disasters at Manassas, Big Bethel, and elsewhere, I need not pause to consider. That they were mistakes, gigantic mistakes, which in a nation less powerful, with a people less patriotic than ours, would have stamped its ruin, none will deny. But months have elapsed since these disasters, and what has

been done? Our army has been increased in numbers and strengthened in discipline; our navy has been changed from the least efficient to the most powerful in the world, and we stand to-day on the threshold of great events, invincible. We read, it is true, of disasters, but it comes from southern sources; while from Hatteras, from Port Royal, from Beaufort, come the words of encouragement which teach us that the enemy are being surrounded and discomfited. The cause is steadily advancing, and the brightness of the future casts its light upon the present. Our hosts are assuredly marching on to victory. With the prayers of thousands of mothers, fathers, and friends,—with God on our side, and justice written upon our arms,—victory will surely be ours. Fear not and faint not; our cause is right and will surely triumph. Doubt not, our God is strong enough and will crush out this wickedness ere long.



WHY WAS I NOT KILLED ?

“In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see.”

ONE who has been in battle, with Death whispering and beckoning on every hand, in the

whiz of bullet or whirr of cannon-ball, with shells bursting, and cannon belching forth its thunder, now taking the hurried farewell words of a dying friend, or bearing the mutilated body of a wounded comrade out of range of the thoughtless metal, at its close finding himself alive and unharmed, must have the question to ask of the Fates, — Why was I not killed? Nor can he satisfy himself by averring in answer, — his friends, his position, his high hopes, youth, wisdom, good resolutions for the future, or his insignificance, — that one or many of these saved his life, for he knows that these things were equally the possession of many a noble comrade whose friends now name him with hushed voice and tearful eyes; — he can only conclude that it was the will of God. To Him I owe my life. For what purpose He saved my life in preference to others, I know not. From thence is not the conclusion clear to a thoughtful person: I owe then my services to Him, to do His will henceforth is my constant duty. He must have work for me to do. Is it in myself? I will cleanse myself from every sin. Is it for my fellow-men? I will be open to catch the first whisper of His will. Gladly,

gladly, will I for evermore devote myself to His service.

THE HOPES OF A RELEASE.

No question is so often discussed, and none upon which there is such a variety of opinions as that which so directly affects us prisoners, and which is the subject of this article. Every heart beats anxiously to hear of the least movement on the part of our government which tends to either an exchange or parole. Every day, and almost every hour, reports come to us (many of them no doubt manufactured), of movements which seem to tend to a speedy release. What are really the facts, and what hope can we lay hold of regarding a speedy return to our homes? It will be generally conceded that our government will never consent to a direct exchange, and but few would wish to see it done. Our trust, then, lies either in the capture of this city by our forces, the speedy termination of this war, or in a mutual parole of all the prisoners. Our forces are, according to the best information, on the eve of attacking Columbus, and should they succeed in capturing that city, our enemies con-

cede this place could make but little resistance. That our fleet will at present advance upon the city seems hardly probable, although a fortnight since we should not have been surprised if they had done so. From all information we can receive we have little hope that we shall hear at present the tramp of Freedom's forces in this city of rebellion. Whatever prospect there may be of an early settlement of this war, we leave our readers to determine from the debate of to-day. It would seem that whatever our government intends doing in regard to a parole should be done at once, and from the signs of the times we are glad to believe the most strenuous efforts are being made by our friends to induce our government to consent to a parole. But we must not feel uneasy if it requires a long time to change the policy of a nation, which determining at the outset to refuse all recognition of this bogus government, will be obliged to concede something even in paroling. We cannot but feel hopeful when we realize the great principle involved in our release. No soldier can go into battle with confidence if the prospect of a long imprisonment is before him, and we feel assured our government is fully

aware of this. Friends are working, thousands of prayers are daily ascending for our return, and with faith and patience we await the good time coming when the joyful "Home again" shall sound. We can faintly picture the joy, the glad shouts which will ascend when, once more freemen, we shall stand under the folds of our dear old flag. Cheer up, ye faint-hearted who lose confidence in our government; our friends do not forget us, our government does not forget us, and, dearer consolation than all, our Father above does not forget us, but with His everlasting care and love is ever near us.



MARKETS.

Bread. — Readily taken in small quantities.

Bone. — Sales small, owing to change of guard.

Soup. — Considerable decrease, owing to the abundance of water.

Rice. — None in market.

Meat. — Heavy.

Woollens. — Very abundant in the form of rags.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

ON Thursday of last week, one Fungel was arrested in this city, charged with being one of a secret society, numbering 5,000 members, pledged to forward the interest of the Lincoln government. — We trust he may be guilty.

The bone-market seems to be overstocked with the common qualities. Rings are *round*, while toothpicks continue *pointed*.

The imports have been irregular, — parties take salt, soap, and vinegar on call; tea continues steady, two thirds orange-leaves, the other third doubtful.

Some of the citizens appeared at the review on Saturday without arms. Better been without arms than without legs at Manassas.

The Federal troops have not yet attacked Columbus, — may they soon come down out of Egypt and smite the Philistines.

It was announced by a *criminal*, on Tuesday, that Columbus and Mobile were taken; but as he was in for only three months his report was not believed. Only first-class criminals need report in future.

Some suppose the Provost-Marshal comes

into the yard three times a week to see the prisoners of war. His real object is to get the news.

Whatever may be the "fortunate number," it is evident the "Union Lyceum" thinks most of No. 8.

Our Richmond exchanges continue to indulge in select Billingsgate on each arrival of prisoners.

South Carolina proposes to treat the invaders as Gov. Wise did John Brown, — we rather think the hanging will be on the other side this time.

To-day is generally set apart as the time-honored Thanksgiving-day. Dear old New-England custom! Whose heart does not soften at the thought of the family gatherings? God bless every home on Thanksgiving-day!

The Confederates expect an immediate attack at Columbus and Manasses.

The "dearest right" to petition has been exercised by our comtades in consequence of the grand consolidation move of the prison-captain. Who has not admired the compact manner in which spoons are packed by jewelers? Who likes to sleep spoon-fashion for all that?

The boys in No. 4 who were so frightened by finding a few grains of rice in their soup on Tuesday, are recovering. Joe Mullaly assures us it was a mistake.



NOTICE.

A PRAYER-MEETING will be held in Cell No. 4, 2d floor, on Sabbath morning, at 9 o'clock; also on Wednesday, in Cell No. 2, 2d floor, at 2 P. M. A Bible-class is held every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Cell No. 8, 2d floor.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Published by the Union Lyceum at Parish Prison, N. O.

EDITOR, GEORGE T. CHILDS.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER 5, 1861.

No. 2

THE first meeting of our Society was held on Thursday, the 28th ultimo. The President, W. C. BATES, accepted the office in a few well-chosen remarks. A debate then occurred upon the following: "*Resolved*,—That the present war will be ended by the Spring of 1862." The debate was ably conducted by Messrs. Scott, Warren, Parker, Stiles, and Smith. With the reading of the "Stars and Stripes," and miscellaneous business, the meeting closed. The interest taken by the members in the exercises, and the great number of our friends who were present, must have convinced all that our Society was sure to succeed. We were gratified beyond measure to see that the efforts of the founders of our little Society were so far stamped with success. It needs work—needs the hearty coöperation of all, needs a

deep interest in all the proceedings, a sacrifice of personal feelings to the general interest — to place our Society on a permanent foundation. We feel assured of these, and thus hold no question of the success of the *Union Lyceum*.



DISAPPOINTMENTS.

BY ALLE.

THEY come in all forms and to all conditions of life : to the rich and poor, the peasant and king ; none can claim exemption. No one of us has perhaps ever been placed in situations where so many sad and bitter ones fall to our lot as here. Go with me for a moment to the battle-field ; and as we wander awhile among the many forms which lie cold in the grasp of death, let us read from their life's history the hopes which have fallen, the lonely hearts, the sad disappointments which that day has given. Here lies one — young — the only hope of a mother, the pride of a father, the loved one of the family circle. In the morning of life, with hopes bright, with prospects of a future all filled with happiness, he had just started upon the voyage of life. A mother's prayer

had often blessed his pillow ; how often a mother's kiss had cheered his youthful sorrow ! Who shall tell of the anguish of the hearts at home, when they know their hope and pride has fallen, when they gather around the family altar to breathe a prayer for consolation ? Who can picture the choking utterance, the trembling lip, the bursting sobs with which a mother's heart leans for comfort upon Him who has given and taken away ? By his side lies another in the full pride of manhood. Noble-hearted, generous, in the full tide of success, he had left all at his country's call. Anxious eyes are looking for him, loving eyes are waiting for him ; but the home that once knew him, and the hearts which loved him, will miss him forever. Look with me at our own number. Picture the lost hopes which even this bondage has brought ; and is there no solace for our sorrow, no silvery lining to the cloud of darkness ? Many an one who reads this can look back to a loved circle, to friends, to bright hopes which he may never see again. How many a mother's heart is yearning for a son ; how many a sister's gentle love is waiting to fold once more a brother's form ! Oh, how many a prayer is uttered by

her who is all the world to you! And is there none to succor, none to help? Is there no solace for the crushed hopes of so many aching hearts? Ever near to us is a love stronger than a mother's, who can, who will give you aid and comfort. Only go to Him with troubles, and He will keep you. Many a hero who has left his footprints to cheer a desponding heart, was made so by early disappointments. Many a noble heart has shone truer and brighter by misfortune. The record of the truly great has shown many honored names which, but for the troubles and trials of life, would have long ago been forgotten. Are you complaining of your imprisonment here? You may find even here a lesson of patience which will make your after-life more truly happy. Do you repine at a separation from friends, and refuse to be comforted? You should remember that you are learning (if you will) to endure a Father's will hereafter. Be cheerful, and not complaining, for the uses of adversity are sweet.

NEWS.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand men, and forty-three vessels, are reported to be near Savannah. — An expedition to Charleston, under Butler, is talked of. — It is reported our government has six hundred thousand men in the field, completely armed and equipped.

Secretary Chase stated in New York, that our government saw their way clearly to crush the rebellion, and the public would soon hear tidings of success more effective than that from Port Royal and the West.—Our army will not go into winter quarters in Virginia, but will proceed actively during the winter. — A despatch from the commander of the flotilla which is to operate on the Mississippi, says he is making rapid progress. — The Constitution, the largest wooden steamer in the world, has left Boston with three Massachusetts regiments for an expedition to the southern coast — Ship Island we expect. — The "St. Louis Democrat" proposes that our vessels should skate down the Mississippi.

General Wool is reported to have two shiploads of rebel prisoners at Fort Monroe, with instructions to effect an exchange of some kind.

NOTICE.

THERE will be a prayer-meeting in Cell No. 4, on Sunday, A. M., at 9 o'clock, and in Cell No. 2, Wednesday, at 2 P. M. A Bible-class is held in Cell No. 8, each Sunday at 1 o'clock, P. M. All are invited to attend.

—◆—
"SCHOOL-DAYS AT RUGBY."

BY PHILO.

FOR many years the school at Rugby, England, was under the charge of Dr. Arnold, celebrated alike for his scholarship and eminent piety. To this school our author, in the book before us, takes the boy Tom Brown, and his school-life there forms the story of the book. The author avows his object to have been "to preach to boys"; intimating that should he resume the pen, it would be "to preach to another age"; this he has since done in a later work — "Tom Brown at Oxford," — which we have not yet had the good fortune to read.

Dr. Arnold's constant endeavor was to stimulate his erratic charges to "moral thoughtfulness," making them to feel that the boy has duties as well as the man. Our author does

not make his hero a model of perfection, but takes him as he finds him — a genuine boy, full of mischief, prone to do evil, liking his play fully as well as his studies. Taking him through the vicissitudes of school-life he comes out a healthy, whole-souled, *manly* boy, — one that all boys who read the book will love, and wish they were like him. Our author is not afraid of frightening his boy-readers from the book by the mention of religion. He does this so naturally and nobly, we may say that it attracts if it does not convince. The boy is taught by life-like example that it is never noble to take sides with the strong against the weak, but is always mean, cowardly and contemptible, — a lesson not too simple for *men* to learn.

Our hero is no *flunky*; he takes all the hard knocks, which the boy must get from his elders, without flinching, and, if able, makes it a dear experiment to his tormentor. He is the reverse of the bully; avoids quarrels, but when once *in*, by other's acts, he does the best he can. Some might object that he is *too* pugnacious, — not enough of a non-resistant; but he is most peaceable, — avoiding wranglings, “slow to anger.” Sports — healthy, invigorating, lawful games —

are heartily defended, and the boy engages in them with his whole soul. Knowledge, too, is shown so attractive as to make the reader wish he had some such museum as Tom's improvident natural history friend. Although written for boys more particularly, this book is full of interest and instruction for all ages. In the flood of nonsensical books put into the hands of youth it is a rich treat to find this one written with a noble purpose; it has a healthy tone, is genial in style, and we wish it a wide circulation in this country.



PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

It would be very difficult to determine what proportion of man's happiness is derived from the pleasures of memory. In some situations of life this becomes almost the only source of comfort, and even in the most favorable of outward circumstances we owe much to the unsubstantial pageants memory causes to pass before our mind's eye. We should not, perhaps, have missed this faculty of memory had our beneficent Father left it out of our constitution; but to His love we owe all the hope and inspiration which this faculty gives us.

We say the pleasures of memory ; for even in those sad thoughts of days of disaster now long gone by is there not a melancholy pleasure you would not forego ? Would you forget that last sad smile of the one who left you years ago for the better land ? Those few words of parting, though dropping through a shower of tears, would you forget one of them ? How plainly can you yet see the first school-house, and event upon event which there made your happiness ? With a slight effort, you can even repeat the words of commendation the teacher used upon some special occasion.

Memory doubles a man's life ; we live not only the present but the past ; and Hope adds another life as enticing, but more doubtful, than the others. If the present is cheerless, and the future a blank on which Hope hesitates to write her predictions, we can turn to the past, the young past of a few months ago or the old past of years, and somewhere, in every life, we can find a cottage or a palace to shelter till the present returns to its allegiance and grants us happy hours.

It is sometimes argued that the clearer consciousness of the next world will present *every*

event of this life to our memory with life-like accuracy; that not a misdeed or mischance can then be forgotten. If this be so, how much need there is of writing over each day with generous, noble deeds; that when *it* becomes the past, Memory may allure us with pleasures rather than threaten us with her chastisements.



PENS!

BY KEBUTS.

“The quill from pinions of one goose we fetch
Opinions of another goose to sketch.”

LET epic poets roar and thunder,
And all the world be dumb with wonder;
Let tragic bards, to horrify us,
With subjects dire and awful ply us;
Content, I sing a little thing, —
A goose-quill pen from goose's wing.
The ancients wrote with sharpened reeds,
And chronicled their wondrous deeds.
Whate'er they would hand down to us,
They wrote it with a calamus.
Thus Homer wrote, and Æschylus,
Thus Tully, Horace, Tacitus,
Thucydides, Demosthenes,
And Xenophon, and many men
Whom I must now forbear to name;
Their writings still much notice claim.

If history we rightly quote,
Mahomet's clerk the Koran wrote
(Mahomet to write had never learned)
With charcoal, or a sharp stick burned,
On clean, white shoulder-blades of sheep,
Then threw 'em in a chest to keep ;
A chapter on each shoulder-blade,—
So these combined the Koran made.
The seventh century of our era
(About the time there is some query,
Whether seventh or sixth I can't just state,)
Produced a man of genius great,
Who introduced a pen,— much better,
And made posterity his debtor.
This man from Folly's emblem plucked
The tools which Wisdom uses to instruct.
The benefactors of the race
In history oft find no place.
We ne'er shall know who, first of men,
For writing used a goose-quill pen :
Was he a Greek or Roman, Goth or Hun ?
Who was his father ? who his son ?
Not from the eagle, that high fier,
Nor from the swan, that all admire,
The implements of Wisdom came,
But from the goose, that men defame.
From this, if rightly I discern,
A useful lesson we may learn :
" Small things we never shall despise,
Nor turn our nose up if we're wise."

Poets, twelve centuries or more,
Have used the goose's wings to soar ;
And, in return, there's not a gander
Or goose but what they pluck and slander.
Now writers have so multiplied
With quills they ne'er could be supplied.
Besides, 'tis proper, all must feel,
An *Iron Age* should write with *steel*.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE past week has been rather devoid of incident. In another column may be found several items of news, some of which *may be* reliable. Our exchanges have been very irregular of late ; indeed only one of our contemporaries having come to hand, and that being French and our interpreter in the dungeons, we are saved the necessity of denying any of its facts!! "All Fools' Day" seems to come oftener in this climate than any other. To judge by the various reports circulated, one would suppose it a perpetual 1st of April. The last canard is the capture of Jeff. Davis. We expect to hear he was visiting Boston *incog.* and was captured by Gen. Fremont at Cairo or Ship Island.

The markets remain firm. A ration of beef finds buyers at one quarter loaf. Bread continues the chief circulating medium, mainly in small denominations, — quarters and halves. Soup varies; readily taken in small quantities as “extra.” Imports have been almost exclusively confined to molasses, which is now out of the market.

Most of our citizens at this time engage in *hunting* expeditions. The game is abundant; limited in variety, but unlimited in quantity.

Query. Is the “bone of contention” best fitted for rings, toothpicks, or slides? We have just learned of the capture of Jeff. D. He was taken by — —, a daguerreotypist.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

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Price: Attention.

EDITOR, J. W. DICKENS.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER 12, 1861.

No. 3.

THE success which has attended the past efforts of those interested in the welfare of this Society, should by no means be suffered to undergo a change. Its future success will depend upon the alacrity with which members perform their duties, either allotted or inferred. Of the latter class of duties I have a word to say. The duty of an editor is to select, from the many articles which *ought* to be given him, the best; to write an editorial and read the papers. The duty of each member of this Society is to write an article at least once in two weeks, and hand it to the editor at least one day before the day appointed for its reading. Do not charge us, we pray you,

with being of a complaining disposition, for the performance of this duty by each member will not only benefit the present editor but all those who are to come after. One word to the Committee on Debate. It is very evident the debates have not been as interesting as could be wished; this is easily accounted for on the ground that the members do not feel at home yet. If the committee will select some simple question, on which those among us who are uninitiated may launch themselves, we have no doubt they will soon take part; we beg then, that the committee will avoid the selection of such questions as even in their very reading make the timid afraid.



REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

OUR exchanges have been very irregular the past week, as our principal carrier has removed to Baton Rouge (Penitentiary). — Some four hundred and ninety of our community were suddenly arrested on Wednesday, and locked up at a moment's warning, — and that too, just at the time we are wont to expect the cheering dinner-call. Some thought the Parol of Honor

was about to be administered, others that it was in retaliation of the treatment of Slidell and Mason; the real cause proved to be that one of our number used *disrespectful language* to the gentlemanly criminal in charge of the door.— There is some talk of a telegraph from Ship Island to the Parish Prison, for the accommodation of the Yankees.— The firm of Mason and Slidell have gone — not into insolvency — but into Fort Warren.— General Floyd has “fallen back” again, not retreated! Oh no, only Federal troops do that.— We have but few sailors among us, yet all would like to be on board the Ship Island.— The occupants of Cell No. 1, “down-stairs,” will doubtless be glad to learn their close confinement on Wednesday was a mistake.

REMOVAL.

— SINCLAIR, Esq., has removed, this Thursday morning, to — the dungeon; no visitors expected unless bringing their blankets.

Query. — Is the third floor called the *Gallery* from the loose character of the former female occupants?

ONE of the most beautiful sights we have ever witnessed, is to be seen every Sunday morning in one of the cells of this prison, where formerly nothing but blasphemy and vileness ascended and reached the ears of the Recording Angel; now in this place a band of devoted disciples of Christ meet and adore their Redeemer, where the name of the Deity is only mentioned with reverence and love. How pleasing this must be to our God; and what a glorious answer is this to the unfounded accusations of our enemies. We have more reason to feel proud of this element amongst us than we have of any other. Do "vile, illiterate, God-forsaken men," establish meetings where the mind is developed, enlarged, and refined, or where our Father is worshipped? Never were our enemies farther from the truth than when they said we looked as though the Almighty had deserted us. What miserable, narrow-minded men must they be who, judging by a man's outward appearance, condemn his moral reputation! Men who will not honestly inquire into the circumstances, but rush headlong to untruthful conclusions. May the prayer-meetings continue to receive the ap-

proval of Him to whom they are dedicated; and may those of us who have taken on ourselves the name of Christ, be incased in the invulnerable armor of Light; and, filled with the Holy Spirit, push on to renewed conquests, and earn those wreaths of glory awarded to all brave and valiant Knights of the Cross.



THE following paragraph having appeared in one of the New Orleans papers, we have undertaken to give a little explanation for the benefit of those who do not fairly understand it: — “An army order, issued by Cameron, lately, directs all officers and enlisted men of the Federal Volunteer service, now prisoners in the hands of the Confederates, or reported as missing in action, to be transferred to skeleton regiments, to be formed by the Governors of the respective States, and to consist entirely of such missing officers and men. The vacancies thus occasioned in the regiments will be filled by the Governors of the various States to which the regiments belong.” This means, as we understand it, that all the soldiers coming from any one State and now held

prisoners, — or, as the paragraph reads, reported missing in action, — are now to be formed into one regiment; it will therefore be a regiment in name only. Whenever it shall be the good fortune of these men to be released, they will report themselves to the Governor of their State, and he will do with them as he sees fit. In the mean time he is ordered to make up the deficiencies occasioned by such circumstances, that is to say, if five hundred Ohio men were missing, then the Governor will cause to be recruited a like number and place them at the disposal of the general government, which will, on the arrival of the men at headquarters, send a sufficient number to fill the vacancies in each regiment. We imagine the object of this action of the government is, in the first place, to keep a systematic account of all the men now absent, so as to provide for their pay, &c.; and, in the second place, to make the regiment to which these absent men belonged, full. We do not see that this order is to affect our hopes of release, — would that it did provide for us. Our position as a truthful expositor of passing events, forbids us encouraging the idea — with which some are

carried away — that this order is a provision for our expected return home.



NOTICE.

ALL persons desiring to establish among the strangers visiting the prison, the impression that we have set up our stomachs as household gods, and of gaining a reputation for greediness and beastly behavior, are requested to meet every noon around the barrel containing the extra soup. It is the general desire they meet in such numbers as cannot fail to terrify speculators, and consequently produce a decline in the pork market. Special meetings of this body will be called on appearance of any empty molasses barrel.



A WORD UPON EXCHANGE.

MR. EDITOR, — SIR: — Allow me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to offer a slight rebuke to a class of individuals, of whom I am sorry to say there are quite a number amongst us. I denominate them “the growlers,” and their chief offence consists in

their complaining continually of the Federal government because it does not gratify the Southern confederacy and them, by consenting to a regular exchange of prisoners. Let me, Sir, in as brief a manner as possible, endeavor to show them the folly and selfishness of such a course. It is acknowledged on all hands that if the Federal government agrees to exchange prisoners, in the manner usual between two nations at war with each other, it will virtually acknowledge this so-called Southern confederacy to have the rights of a nation. The course of our government, the opinions of the press, and the anxious endeavor of the rebels to bring about such an arrangement, are sufficient evidence to establish the position I have assumed, without recourse to further argument. It will not be denied that the fond hope and chief reliance of the leaders of this rebellion was in the belief that foreign governments would be obliged to recognize them. The most sanguine of them have been obliged to relinquish all hope of such an event. Would it then be wise for our own government to adopt the very course that in other nations they have been exerting strenuous ef-

forts to prevent? Can we be so selfish as to imagine for one moment that it is the duty of our government to sacrifice the welfare of twenty millions of people, and of who can tell how many millions yet unborn, for the sake of returning to civilized life two or three thousand men who volunteered their lives, if need be, to protect the government they now so unjustly censure. I should consider it one of the greatest evils that could befall me, if, for a single moment, my fidelity to the Federal government should be doubted. Our sufferings are as nothing compared with those of our forefathers in their struggle to establish what we now support. It is natural that men should grow irritable and gloomy, situated as we are, and if one does not carefully examine the case, he will be apt to find fault with our government; we hope, however, these few words will call all back to reason. Depend upon it our government is, and has been, doing all that consistently lies in its power to release us. I doubt not it has made honorable proposals to our captors for our release, but they have been rejected simply because they do not gratify their pride

and fulfil their hopes of recognition. If it is possible for our government to release us, they will. Let us, then, bear up bravely under our trials until such time as either our victorious arms or successful diplomacy may honorably release us. Truly yours,

CONTENTMENT.

THE MASSACRE AT ASH HOLLOW.

THIS event took place in the year 1854 or 1855,—the “Cheyenne Expedition,” under General Harney, having for its avowed purpose the punishment of that tribe for their continued trouble to the government. General Harney knowing well the character of the men with whom he had to deal,—knowing they were full of trickery and deceit, and that they thought no more of breaking a solemn treaty than you or I would think of breaking a piece of bread,—decided to bring them to terms by inflicting condign punishment upon them for their many offences. He accordingly, when he reached Ash Hollow, sent to the Indian chiefs a messenger, to bid them, with all the warriors of the tribe, come and make a treaty with him

at Ash Hollow on a certain day. When the day arrived, Gen. Harney had masked all his guns, and had placed them in such a position that they commanded the entire hollow. The Indians came in obedience to the command of Gen. H. When they had all entered the hollow, the guns were unmasked and discharged. Filled with consternation, the Indians endeavored to flee, but vain was their attempt; they were surrounded, the guns continued to belch forth death and destruction, until there was scarcely a man left. Horrible and inhuman as seems the course pursued by Gen. Harney, necessity compelled him to take it, and events have proved the wisdom he displayed in carrying out such stern measures. The Indians, who before this rebuke had never kept a treaty, have since never broken one.

DIED in the Hospital, Dec. 8th, S. H. WILLEY, of the 11th Mass. Regt. — Death has again visited us and taken away a young man, who by his quiet and gentlemanly behavior had made many friends. The very name by which he was known is a simple tribute of respect felt for him by those who knew him. No

rude, quarrelsome, or unkind young man was ever able to keep with him, until manhood, a name with which only innocence and modesty belong! "Little Willey" is dead! and hard as it may seem for a young man to sicken and die without the tender nursing of a mother, or the loving evidences of affection and care from dear relatives, we must humbly bow our heads, and prepare ourselves for a journey to "the bourne from which no traveller returns."

SONNET ON BONES.

BY ONE OF THE CRAFT.

I PROPOSE to give in homely rhyme
A few hints to those who are prone
To spend the slow hours of prison-time
In manufacturing bone.

For though the labor is hard indeed,
And in money but very small pay,
Yet it gives us the exercise we need
To keep disease away.

And first of all a bone must be got,
Which as bones are weighed, not made,
Is not an easy task I wot,
Where so many are in the trade.

Here I'll tell you a plan you can try, —
 It has Dominique for a voucher, —
 He says that bones can be got on the sly,
 By giving a ring to the butcher.

Bones that are raw are best I opine,
 (Though some prefer bones that are boiled,)
 As the first will easily take a shine,
 For which in vain on the other I've toiled.

It matters not much which you take,
 If 'tis only heavy, clear, and bright,
 And if a thing of value you'd make,
 Your bone must be perfectly white.

Now, here let me advise,
 That you have saw and knife of your own,
 For at least 'tis very unwise
 To be bothering friends for a loan.

If you borrow *my* saw, 'tis my hope
 That you'll use it as I myself do,
 Put on plenty of water and soap,
 And carry your hand firm and true.

If any device you would raise
 On the top of the ring that you make,
 The *edge* of the bone you always
 For the *face* of the ring must take.

If the bone is to be reduced much,
The light-colored stones are the quickest;
But for giving the finishing touch,
The dark-colored stones are the slickest.

I'll tell you where is the best one, —
Near the barrels on the side next the tub,
Where, if any nice work is to be done,
I give the finishing rub.

To assist you in shaping the bone,
And briefly — I'll only just say,
That at the point where most weight is put on,
The bone will wear fastest away.

By experience here I have found
That in making the hole for a ring,
A piece of cloth round your knife-handle wound
Is what *sojer boys* call — “a big thing.”

For smoothing them inside and out,
A properly shaped piece of brick
Is better, beyond a doubt,
Than the old-fashioned sand on a stick.

If like a very rare gem,
You'd have them take polish as bright,
In soap and water just put them,
And let them lie there over night.

A piece of thick woollen cloth
With some brick-dust sprinkled thereon,
Is the best thing that I know of,
To put a finish on bone.

Don't make your rings too stout,
Beauty for lack of strength will atone.
Who wishes to carry about
A great clumsy chunk of a bone ?

If a handsome stiletto you'd make,
That you'll not be ashamed to carry home,
The greatest care you should take
In shaping the finger and thumb.

Would you get up a book, an anchor, or heart,
That you may expect to admire,
Give it the utmost extent of your art,
No matter how much time 'twill require.

We know that rings must buy bread,
But remember the dear ones at home,
And make up some nice things ahead,
To carry when the "*good time*" shall come.

The "*good time*" is coming my friends,
May it see none but joyful tears ;
Grind bone 'till captivity ends,
And away with your doubts and your fears.

S. B. S.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

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EDITOR, J. W. DICKINS.

VOL. I. DECEMBER 19, 1861. No. 4.

SINGULAR FACTS ESTABLISHED DURING THE REBELLION OF 1861.

WOODEN shoes are superior to leather ones: they are more pliable. Cotton cloth is far warmer than woollen, and more durable. When enough corn is raised in one crop to supply the people for two years, it is necessary to raise the price two hundred per cent. higher than when none is grown. Rye coffee is much superior to Mocha. All the soldiers in the Southern army are "gentlemen;" — (query, what kind of a gentleman is the individual who, for the last two or three days, has carried out the refuse?) Red, blue, or green pieces of pasteboard are superior to coin as a circulating

medium. In the South, there are any quantity of fine-salt mines, yet the people prefer to use *coarse*. Orange-leaves make much better tea than hyson does. The Southern army is always victorious, and yet never fails to fall back when the enemy advances; and it is an utter impossibility for them to lose more than one man.

THE TORIES OF 1861.

BY ALLE.

SIDE by side with the many noble names which are written all over the history of the Revolutionary struggle, stands also the indelible record of those who forfeited manhood, who sacrificed country for wealth or honor. What school-boy, as his heart fills with pride at the daring deeds of Marion and Sumpter, does not turn to the list of recreants which darkens every page, with scorn and contempt! Who, in his mature manhood, as he drops a tear upon the grave of Warren, does not feel his cheek tingle at the name of Arnold! In this second contest, equaling if not surpassing that of the Revolution in the principles involved, what will be the record of those who, without the excuse of Southern education, sympathize with and even aid the

enemies of free institutions and of all most dear to mankind! If history writes the names of the tories of '76 with nothing but scorn, and even those to whom they sold their country ignore their friendship and acquaintance, what will she say of those who could betray a nation whose success or failure stamped the fate of republican institutions forever, without even the hope of the reward of wealth or position! If the lives of the former are covered with infamy, what shall be the record of those who, in the darkest hour of their country's need, proved traitors to their trust and manhood! In the days of suffering and darkness, without pay, food, or clothing, some left their country's cause and joined her enemies, but they were few; and, with the promise of comfort and almost luxury, our wonder is that their number is not larger; but what shall be the excuse of the many of this day who, because suffering from a prolonged imprisonment, freely offered to enlist under the rebel banner, and fight to destroy a nation, but for the benefit of whose free schools and free institutions, would have died in ignorance and perhaps crime! We have heard among our number the remark from some, that

they would not again fight for a government which would not protect its soldiers from imprisonment. You never enlisted to fight for a government alone; you are fighting for a principle dearer than life to every manly heart. Go join the traitor's crew! We would rather meet you as a foe than stand with you under our flag which you would disgrace;—rather, far rather, see you boldly lift your traitorous arm to strike down that flag, than to sell your land by treachery, or associate with those who hold no sacrifice too dear for their country's welfare. You have acted the traitor's part, and deserve a traitor's doom. There are a few who assert they were forced to enlist. Shame upon him who declares this! How dared you, when your arm was needed to defend your land from ruin, wait one hour without offering it freely and willingly! God forbid any such should fall and have their names recorded by the side of the heroes who have died for the right. As in "Honor's immortal Tablets" there will be a place for Johnson, Ellsworth, Scott, and the many who have stood nobly for the right,—brighter and purer than the patriots of '76,—so will the list of those who are recreant now be infinitely blacker

and more contemptible than those who were Tories then.

NOTICE TO PRISONERS.

ALL prisoners of war leaving for the North during the month of December are cautioned that the weather there is generally cooler at this season than here, and it would be well to get accustomed to the wearing of pants or jackets before leaving their present quarters; otherwise their awkwardness may attract attention in Washington and at home. To prevent any bad results from too sudden change of diet, the authorities have changed the morning-call from "Tea-ho" to "Rye-O!" The prisoners will be duly notified of any change of vegetables. Beefsteaks will be furnished in the spring — perhaps!

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

IN ancient times the fate of nations was foretold by the flight of birds. Yesterday six geese flew over the yard — northward. Our readers may infer this to forebode that we are to leave

for home in six days, six weeks, or six months — about as definite as the Delphic oracles ever were.

Beauregard has not yet advanced on Washington, nor will he while he remains where he now is. This is the most important news we have of the army of the Potomac.

There are four war-vessels at the mouth of Mobile Bay. — It is generally believed General McClellan has recommended a general exchange of prisoners. — One hundred and fifty prisoners were sent to Columbus by the Federals last week; they were sent up the river on guard the same night. Were they paroled?

Gen. McCulloch refused to obey an order of Gen. Price lately. When rogues fall out, honest men take courage. — The grand jury, *alias* "prison commissioners," or whatever they may be called, visited the prison on Saturday last, and it is understood they were highly pleased by the variety of costume presented by our U. S. soldiers in confinement. The result of their inspection is not yet manifest; certainly we are not less crowded, and bread is no more plenty.

The report that Gen. McClellan has been au-

thorized to exchange prisoners, needs confirmation. — A report, seemingly reliable, reached us to-day that Columbus was attacked yesterday (Wednesday) morning. — The Federal soldiers in front of Manassas protest against being put on picket-guard if there is to be no exchange of prisoners; they do not like the prospect of Southern dungeons. We doubt that, President Lincoln.

Whether the blockade is effectual or not, it has effectually cut short our salt. "Too lazy to earn his salt," cannot be said of any prisoner of war here, for salt can't be got with any amount of hard labor.



NOTICES.

THE usual prayer-meetings will be held Sunday morning, in Cell No. 4, at 9 o'clock, and Wednesday, P. M., in No. 2, at 2 o'clock. A Bible-Class is holden in Cell No. 8, at 1 o'clock, P. M., each Sunday. All are cordially invited to attend.

COMMERCIAL REPORT FROM PELEG & BROS. PRICE
CURRENT.

NEW ORLEANS, 12 A. M., December 13, 1861.

We have very little *change* to notice in our markets. Tradesmen may judge from the following how goods may be *ticketed*. Breadstuffs remain firm at $1\frac{1}{4}$; an advance to $1\frac{1}{2}$ is expected by some — we doubt it. Rice, scarce; small quantities, badly damaged by water, are daily offered below. Salt, scarce; a *fresh* supply is expected soon. Soap, easy; the market of late has been very *thinly* supplied with this useful article; no sales, some bartering for breadstuffs. Tin,—blocks, no sale; plates have been changing hands freely at $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ loaves. Blankets, easy; few sales at various prices. “Clark’s Marine Report” quotes “fine well-*knitted* grays at five shares in Apollo line, or equivalent in breadstuffs.” Spirits, high and firm, — we advise holders not to part with their stock at present, as the Grand Jury are about to take action on some measures which will prove advantageous to trade. Coffee, dull; small quantities of “Rye-ho” (Rio) have been offered this week. Rings, — this branch of trade has been unusually good, owing partly

to the scarcity of bone, as well as the sudden influx of strangers to our city, who bought up poor brands at fabulous prices; the market has been completely drained of articles which can receive the *General* approval. Meats,—beef especially, remains *firm*; from a special despatch dated 11 $\frac{1}{2}$, A. M., we should say a downward tendency was inevitable.

SANCTUM, No. 4, Second Floor.

WHEN we were boys, (an editor is always excusable for using the plural, on the ground that he desires to avoid egotism,) the most fascinating occupation that we could possibly engage in we thought would be that of an editor. Whenever any large nuts were picked, a sample was immediately sent to the editor; if the pears were unusually large and mellow, the best were set apart for the editor; if the peaches were more luscious and finer than ever, that favored mortal had the first taste; if strawberries, blackberries, raspberries — in short, all kinds of berries, had grown to a great size, and contained more sweetness than they had ever been thought capable of holding, the first

inkling we had of the fact was by seeing in the morning paper a paragraph like the following: "We have to again thank Mr. B. for a fine basket of berries. They are the finest and largest we have seen this season." But the most alluring charm of all that enticed us to desire such glorious treatment, was the mystery hidden in such a paragraph as this: "We found on our table this morning a most beautiful and tasteful bouquet. Whose fair hands left it there we cannot conjecture, but whosoever they are they have our warmest thanks, and the only favor we can ask the angelic visitant to confer upon us, is to call when we are in." Oh, if *we* could only have some fair hand leave something for us, we should be very happy. We could never imagine what became of all the fruit exhibited at Horticultural Society meetings, until we discovered what a favored class editors are. To whom were the mythical and to us unknown secrets of the theatre open, when to every one else they were with unbroken fastnesses forever (it seemed) closed? But these illusions have all vanished; whether our non-realization of our young fancies is owing to

our not having a table on which to deposit these luxuries, or that they have been only illusions, it is hard for us to determine. We are inclined to think, however, that we have not been treated exactly right. We have been disappointed. Was it unnatural for us to expect that whenever a larger loaf than common was served out to have a nibble at it? Yet not a taste have we had. Was it wicked to expect to have a taste of molasses whenever a fresh quantity arrived? We have been obliged to eat our bread dry. Was it ravenous on our part to feel disappointed every day as night drew nigh, at not being the recipient of some tender piece of meat? Cattle might have been seized with murrain a year ago and every one of them died, and none been imported since, for all the presents of this description that we have received. It must be because we have neither editorial chair, lamp, scissors, or table. There is one sober reality an editor here must experience,—the time for our leave-taking has arrived. Although circumstances have rendered our duties rather laborious, (scarcely any one can feel like writing in such a place as this,) they have not been unattended with pleasure.

Those who have kindly assisted us in our labor, we shall cherish their memory with grateful remembrance. We have endeavored to lighten the heavy monotony of prison-life, and have in anticipation enjoyed the happy reunions we are to have on the anniversary-day of our release, — we hope the Society will take such steps as will render this assurance doubly sure, — when we meet together, and drown the remembrance of our trials in the delights of meeting in such altered circumstances. God speed the day of our release!

PARISH PRISON, New Orleans, Dec. 13, 1861.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Parish Prison, New Orleans.

MOTTO : Philippians iv. 8.

EDITOR, LEROY WARREN.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER 26, 1861.

No. 5.

THE REVOLUTION OF '76 AND THE REBELLION OF '61.

THE Confederates are in the habit of comparing their condition at the present time with that of the Colonies during their struggle for independence. They would fain have the world believe that *they*, like the patriots of the Revolution, are a down-trodden and oppressed people fighting for their liberties; that the Federal government stands in a similar relation to them that England then did to her American Colonies; and hence they would persuade themselves that their cause is just, and that success will finally crown their efforts. A little consideration, however, will show this boasted comparison to be fanciful rather than real. The Colonists were a band of exiles, who, driven by persecution from their native land, sought to establish on the shores of the New World a government

which should guarantee to all its subjects the greatest personal freedom. The Confederates have inaugurated a civil war with the avowed object of founding a government whose chief corner-stone is slavery. The Colonists strove to dissolve their connection with a government in which they were denied a representation. The South, to-day, are in rebellion against the Federal government, in which they have held the balance of power for the last quarter of a century, simply because they can no longer wield its influence for their own aggrandizement. The Revolution of '76 was a general uprising of the people when repeated acts of tyranny rendered longer forbearance impossible, and when all other means of redress had failed. The Rebellion of '61 is a movement inaugurated by a few political demagogues for political power, and in which the people are merely used as instruments. The patriots of the Revolution fought for principle; the rebels are fighting for power. The former fought for posterity; the latter are fighting for themselves. The war of the Revolution was a contest against foreign tyrants; the present war is a struggle of children against a too in-

dulgent parent. The cause of the Colonists enlisted the sympathies of the civilized world, and the earnest support of the friends of human rights everywhere; the cause of the rebels is detested wherever the rights of man are respected. But it would be useless to pursue the contrast further. It is evident that this attempt on the part of our enemies to justify their course is the resort of a weak adversary to sustain a bad cause. Indeed it is a desecration of the very name of patriot to compare the heroes of the Revolution to their degenerate sons who are to-day in rebellion against the government for the establishment of which those noble men sacrificed their lives, their fortunes, their all, and which is acknowledged to be the best ever instituted among men. And in spite of apparent success at first, the ultimate failure of this attempt to weaken the power of this great Republic will be as decided as the success of the Revolution of '76 was glorious. The tide has already turned against them, and we may hope soon to hear sounded the death-knell of the Rebellion of 1861.

PARISH PRISON, New Orleans, January, 1862.

"WHAT IS ITS DESTINY?"

BY BOORAH BOOLAH.

I ONCE visited the celebrated Art-Union of one of our western cities, where were displayed the artistic talents of many of our best male and female painters and sculptors — all for public scrutiny and criticism. Among the many sketchings and paintings that hung upon the walls, varied as they were in the design, in the delineation, and in the execution — of landscapes rare and of faces more than human — one particularly solicited and obtained my earnest attention and careful study. It was labelled "What is its Destiny?" A babe lay sleeping upon its mother's lap, smiling in its dreams, and over it the face of the mother bent as if intent in study of the lines and dimples of the little countenance before it. There is nothing unusual or particularly striking either in the real or in the representation of a child asleep on its mother's lap, but in this picture the design was coupled with a most powerful delineative execution, which made it more than commonly interesting, nay, more deserving the earnest study of the careful critic. By reference and inquiry, I learned

— even as I supposed it must be — that it was the work of a woman. As Mrs. Browning has pictured the true woman, with her love and affections, her finer and more delicate feelings, in nicer and more minute language than any male writer, so has the pencil and brush of woman most perfectly portrayed the woman; aye the mother, in lines and colors that seem wanting in the masculine hand. Man gives us woman as loving and passionate, beautiful and noble; but further power fails him. Woman gives us woman as she feels herself to be, and exhibits her very soul in the expression of figure and countenance. It was this power of woman which manifested itself in this picture, and the title, “What is its Destiny?” was made more than doubly forcible by it. The expression of the mother’s face was sad and reflective; it spoke in Art’s highest language. That intent look searching the future seemed more than human: following the growth of the child before her, observed his faltering steps, rejoicing in her baby-boy, it saw him in boyhood’s bright days, and mingled with his joys and ills; it saw him as one of Youth’s bright favorites, and upon the verge

of manhood, when his troubles and trials were many, battling with the world's temptations, and seemed constantly to put the inquiry, "What is its Destiny?" It saw him at mid-age, honored and respected of many; it saw him at a good old age lie down in peace and die, having been an ornament to society and a blessing to the world; but still the question of its destiny remained unanswered to her. Disappointed and unsatisfied, that look seemed doubly sad as it turned back from its imaginative flight to the dimpled and dreaming face of the little form before her. More anxious than before, it seemed vain to put the inquiry with redoubled force, "What is its Destiny?" Seldom does picture retain my attention so long; many a time since then have I thought of it. In the crowded thoroughfare of the city, as throng after throng of moving life passed by me, varied as they all were in character and countenance, in action and expression of life, and I have asked myself, "What are the destinies of all these?" In the regiment when mingling with my soldier-comrades, and even here in this prison when observing the faces of my fellow-prisoners, I have thought of it,

and put the same question; when looking into my own heart and examining my own thoughts, I have asked myself the question, — “*My destiny shall be what?*” Shall it be life or death, bliss or perdition? The Eternal Being, the final Reaper of all things, alone knoweth.

NEW ORLEANS, December, 1861.



A YEAR AGO AND NOW.

[Communicated.]

WE are informed by the papers that this is Thanksgiving-day in many of the States north. What changes have one year brought forth! *Then*, a country outwardly united and happy; although the fires which for years have been prepared and fanned by ambitious men were uncovered, and the smoke, like a little cloud, began to ascend. *Then*, families came together to render thanks to their beneficent Father for His past mercies, and to partake of the bounty which His ever provident hand had provided. *Now*, a country and a people plunged into civil war, a country that for years had quietly reposed in peace, *now* rudely disturbed by the worst of man's passions. *Now*, family ties and

relationships cut asunder and set adrift, to meet again only in anger and in a conflict which shall end in death. How many empty chairs will be placed around the tables where once the hopes and pride of the family were seated? Many a fond mother will lament the loss of an only boy. Fathers will less passionately mourn the early death of those whom with pride they have watched growing into honorable men, and have taught the lessons of true patriotism. Sisters will weep for brothers who never more can protect, encourage, aid, and love them. Brothers will miss their companions, their shadows, as it were; they will regret the quarrels with those forever gone, will listen to the recital of their gallant deaths, and long to emulate them. But who will paint the grief of another, not a sister, not a brother, whose future was so wrapt up in him she loved, that she will not be comforted, and only longs to join him in eternity! Enough of this sad picture.

Should we celebrate this day? Have we enough cause to have a day of rejoicing? Can we make a glorious, rollicking day of it? The usual adjuncts are wanting, but not the need

of thanksgiving. No plump, fat turkey graced our board to-day. No pumpkin, mince, and apple-pies were there; the smiling faces of those we loved we missed, and the joyful, merry evening-party will not be enjoyed; yet notwithstanding all these drawbacks we can be happy in the consciousness of enduring all these trials and adversities for the country and those we love. Let the fervent prayer of each one of us be, that on the next Thanksgiving-day we may see peace and all its blessings reëstablished, ourselves reunited to our friends, and this glorious Republic steadily progressing in Christian liberty.

PARISH PRISON, November 21, 1861.



CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

BY PHILO.

WE are not unmindful that our subject invites a more extended treatment than we propose at this time. Indeed it opens up a field of inquiry which would well repay a careful survey and extensive culture; but we propose only a ramble around the outskirts, lingering for a moment in some shady nook, if it be

summer weather, or pushing hastily across if we find it bleak autumn.

It may be only a national pride which prompts the assertion at the outset, that American oratory is represented by orators not excelled in the world. It is often asserted that the American citizen gravitates to speech-making. This is sometimes said in ridicule; but it seems rather a tribute to our institutions, which favor free expression of convictions upon all subjects, and which reward the attainment of superior excellence in speaking, by making it the mouth-piece of client, sect, or party.

With such variety as we find in American orators, it is difficult to assign them a class, and we are left the alternative of leaving each to individual classification. Without attempting orderly arrangement, let us dwell briefly in this and succeeding articles, upon some of our contemporary orators, their character and characteristics. At the outset we plead guilty to a perhaps unpardonable audacity, knowing we are about to illustrate the proverb, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Edward Everett has been so long and so

well known to the public as orator, statesman, and scholar, his name naturally occurs as the foremost of contemporary orators, especially since his most devoted admirers have ceased to claim for him preëminence as a statesman. Entering at an early age upon public notice, and bringing a precocious intellect and varied scholarship, he soon became noted for chasteness of style and graceful delivery. These traits have remained by him, and, ripened by a wider culture, we now find him the magnate of smoothly-polished sentences, delivered to an audience with an untiring ease and grace, perhaps unequalled, certainly unexcelled. The absence of all notes in his public addresses leaves him entirely at the service of the audience, — in itself calculated to hold their interest. We see none of the tricks of oratory, only the undulating gesture and smoothly-flowing periods, — never wearied, because the matter is more interesting than the manner. Seldom speaking extemporaneously, he always brings the *best* he has to say upon the subject in hand.

But not in style of composition and in delivery alone consists the excellency of the public speaker; these must be allied to *thought*

and *principle*. "Eloquence," a master of the art has said, "must consist in the man, the subject, and the occasion." In the subject, Mr. Everett is generally secure of the interest of his audience, and whatever the subject or the occasion, his superior culture and wealth of knowledge are sure to be felt; the choicest gems of his oratory are sometimes wedded to the commonest of subjects, while again the subtle conceptions of his fertile brain, illustrate anew, by felicitous comparison, the grandeur of Washington's character, the beauty of the heavens, or the genius of Franklin. But do we accord him this superiority in the remaining point—as a man? Do not suppose we are about to lay the commission of any crime at the door of the courtly republican, if we raise a question at this point. By nature Mr. Everett is a conservative, if not an aristocrat, neither of which do we charge as a fault, but suggest to account for the fact that reformatory movements have waited in vain for his approval. Desiring the good-will of all, he frequently fails of the respect of many; not courting popular favor, yet we expect to find him floating with (seldom guiding) the popular

current. Anxious to please, he does not fail to be sick when Congress votes upon the Fugitive Slave Bill; fearful of offending, he remembers to forget in his analysis of Washington, that he was strongly opposed to slavery, and his crowning act was emancipation; doubtful of his audience, he fails to mention a glorious characteristic of Franklin. He has never adopted as a moral maxim "Beware of majorities;" this has led many to charge him with time-serving; the worst we will say, we could not accept him as a guide in morals, perfectly moral though he is. As a writer he is genial, forcible, and instructive; he has the simple grace of Irving with the force of Macaulay. We cannot agree with the hasty judgment which lays aside the "Mount Vernon Papers," pronouncing them commonplace and unworthy the ripest scholar of the age. The historian will look long to find so ripe a scholarship wedded to such eloquence in oratory, while his addresses will be read and re-read, and his grace described as the highest product of the golden age of American oratory.

PARISH PRISON, N. O. December, 1861.

MANASSAS.

BY J. A., 12TH OHIO REGIMENT.

SINCE the day of the battle, when cannon did rattle,
Our beds have been made on the hard prison-floor ;
But we hope that our friend, " Uncle Abe," will soon send
McClellan or Butler to open the door.

We have patiently borne the contumely and scorn,
The insults and jeers, of a rascally crew,
But we'll teach them a trick that will make them full sick,
And the act of Secession they will bitterly rue.

When the traitors shall hear such a thundering cheer,
As the flag of the Union we'll fling to the breeze,
Then will Davis be routed and Beauregard scouted,
And treason be banished far over the seas.

What's the use of our sighing or foolishly crying,
'Tis patience alone that can alter our case ;
Let us hope for the best, trust God for the rest,
Sing a song, and then bravely stare Fate in the face.

Though Fate went against us and sorely oppressed us,
By leaving us here in the prison to lie,
We can laugh at our foes, and turn up our nose,
While their stars and their bars we scorn and defy.

Although they board us, they barely afford us,
As much meat as a butcher would throw to a dog,

But provisions are dear, and their "plasters" I hear,
Are not worth their weight in potatoes or hog.

When the battle was over they rushed from their cover,
And gallantly charged on the wounded and lame,
And the ambulance car was a trophy of war
That would tinge the dark cheek of a savage with shame.

They may boast as they please how they captured with ease
The Yankees who fought at Manassas that day,
But they know very well, if the truth they would tell,
That they lost two to one in that bloody affray.

The chivalric heroes, like modern Neros,
Rode bravely on those who were carrying the wounded ;
And their bloodthirsty cheer was revolting to hear,
As the pale, bleeding forms of our comrades we grounded.

By the trembling moonlight, in the silence of night,
They rifled the dead of their money and clothes ;
Alas ! that aught human and born of woman,
Should boast of a crime that humanity loathes.

TOBACCO FACTORY, Richmond, Aug. 1861.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Parish Prison, New Orleans.

MOTTO : Philipplans iv. 8.

EDITOR, LEROY WARREN.

VOL. I.

JANUARY 2, 1862.

No. 6.

FRAGMENT.

BY J. W. D.

'Twas midnight, and save the tread
Of unneeded sentinel, quiet as of the dead
Reigned. An angel, clothed in robes of mist,
Looked in upon the slumbering forms, and kissed
The brows of those whose thought in sleep
Reverted to the ones (whom may God's presence keep
From danger or distress) they'd left behind.
With sympathetic touch she loosed the mind
Of each ; then gathering with nervous hand
Her train, she passed o'er all the land,
And with a calm delight bent o'er
The forms of those, the minds she bore
Had thought on. Then in her mystic veil she folded
Them, and each thought was in them all remoulded.

MY FIRST WEEK OF CAPTIVITY.

THE battle of Cross Lanes (Western Virginia,) occurred on Monday, August 26, 1861. Before Tuesday night about eighty of the Seventh Ohio Regiment found themselves in Floyd's camp, in a rail-pen, surrounded by a line of hostile bayonets. To attempt a description of our feelings would be useless. You who have been through similar experiences will understand them. We were in the hands of our enemies, — separated from the regiment of which we had been so proud, and which was now broken and scattered to the winds. We knew not how many of our messmates and comrades in arms were dead, or wounded and perishing in the woods. We knew that months of imprisonment were before us, and that it must be many weeks before the dear ones at home could know of our fate. Happily, what we had undergone had so blunted and benumbed our feelings that we were unable to realize the full extent of our calamity; and we had so much to do and to bear in the present, that we had no time for repining or to speculate about the future.

We were to go to Richmond, and we had a march of a hundred miles to reach the railroad (the Virginia Central) at Jacksonville.

We set forward Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. I remember it, because it was Commencement Day at our college, and I was to have graduated that day. We came to Gauley River, went over by ferry, and marched up the hill on the other side, where we found a small body of troops encamped. We were put into another rail-pen, like the previous one in Floyd's camp. There were not so many hundreds of eyes to stare at us, but we had no blankets, only a handful of straw to sleep on, and nothing to protect us from the incessant rain. We were soon wet to the skin, and passed a miserable and sleepless night. We got nothing to eat that day till midnight. Rations of flour and beef were given us, but we had only three small "skillets" to cook supper for eighty men. We were told that, by mistake, cooking utensils for the guards only had been put in the wagon which came with us, but the guards would generously divide with us.

In the morning it was still raining. We

got for breakfast some raw beef and dough partially heated. Our elbows were drawn behind us and tied together with rope, and we were ready. We travelled all day, through mud and rain, without dinner, and no supper till midnight. We were put into a large barn for the night, where we made ourselves comfortable in the hay. The next day the sun shone, but the roads were still very bad. The officers who were with us,—a captain and lieutenant,—having given their parole not to escape, were not obliged to wear ropes, or to march in the ranks. They went forward early to reach our stopping-place before night, to make a fire and borrow some kettles, that we might cook our suppers earlier. Notwithstanding these precautions, it was near midnight before we got anything to eat. Many were so exhausted and sleepy that they did not wake at all to partake of the delicate viands. There was the more for the others.

The next day we saw some very fine scenery, catching now and then, as we rose upon the hills, a view of some distant peak of the Alleghanies. In the afternoon we passed through Lewisburg, — the finest place we had seen

since coming into Western Virginia. Here, as at other places, the people flocked out to see us. A "Yankee" seemed to be as much an object of curiosity to them as a live hippopotamus would have been. They stared at us civilly for the most part, only the small boys shouted "Yankee," and "Yankee Doodle." A large company followed us out of town as far as the first mile-board. The Virginians commonly called us Yankees—usually with the epithet "damned" prefixed. Sometimes where the fame of our regiment had gone before us, we were saluted as the Ohio pets. The next morning, Sunday, September 1, we passed through the famous watering-place—White Sulphur Springs. A Georgia regiment was stationed there; the soldiers followed us from the time we entered the grounds till we got out of town—hallooing and shouting, and offering various prices for a Yankee scalp. These gentlemen prevented my enjoying the sights of this picturesque little place as much as I might otherwise have done. One of the guards brought me a drink of the water. The place seemed nearly deserted of all other inhabitants except soldiers. Towards noon we

crossed the highest ridge of the Alleghanies over which the turnpike passes. We saw some very fine scenery. From some of these peaks the view of the hills opposite was truly grand. From still higher points we could see landscapes of hills stretching fifty miles away, and bounded by higher hills whose blue tops met and mingled with the clouds. Then there were views of cultivated hill-sides, and far-reaching valleys, farm, woodland, and stream, — spread out like a map before and below us. These beauties of nature made me forget for the time that I was a weary, foot-sore, and hungry prisoner of war, with hemp cord on my arms.

The next morning we got an early start, passed through Covington, and arrived at Jacksonville Station — the end of our journey — before two o'clock in the afternoon. We had marched over one hundred miles in four days and a half; — we were all glad to have it over, and that we were to ride the rest of the way to Richmond. Quite a body of troops were stationed at Jacksonville. The soldiers treated us civilly, — of course, they followed us and stared at us, but we had become pretty

well used to this. While we were waiting for the cars, and resting ourselves in the shade of the depot, quite a crowd gathered round and began talking with us. They asked civil questions, and occasionally attempted to joke us a little on our position as prisoners. We replied to their jokes in as merry a strain as we could under the circumstances. One little old man in the crowd piped out what he considered a home thrust—"I reckon you ones want to see your mammies about this time." One of our boys replied, "Well, as for that, most of us have been weaned some time." Here an officer,—a major of a Georgia regiment, who had been a spectator some time,—with thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, stepped up, and with a genuine slave-driving flourish and manner, struck in, addressing himself to the last speaker—"You're a prisoner and a Yankee; I want you to understand that. We've had enough of your damned insolence. Shut up, and behave as a prisoner should, or I'll rope you. I have the authority, and I'll do it." Roping is a Southern synonym for hanging. I ventured, not very meekly, to inquire "how a prisoner ought to behave." I

was assured if he had to teach me, it would not be at all to my liking. He continued his bluster for some minutes, and then went away to quarrel with our captain — affirming he had violated his parole. The captain, however, explained matters to his satisfaction.

I trust this fellow's insolence grew out of his having taken too much brandy. Our guards, who treated us with uniform kindness, made this apology for him.

We soon took the cars. We reached Staunton that day, — seventy miles distance. Here we were quartered for the night in comfortable barracks, and provided with better food than we had tasted since our captivity. The next day we passed through a variety of interesting scenery — now among the hills and then in a broad level country like the lake region of Ohio, only not as well cultivated or productive. We reached Richmond about sunset, and after waiting an hour and a half, subjected to the usual complimentary attentions of the crowd, marched to our place of confinement — Atkinson's Tobacco Factory.

[Communicated.]

"KEEP THE BLUE BLAZES."

BY BOORAH BOOLAH.

A CALIFORNIA traveller was once approaching one of the fords of the river Yuba. His way lay along an old Indian trail. Becoming bewildered by the numerous forkings and branchings-off of the trail—all apparently well beaten and leading in the direction of the river—he inquired of a stranger whom he met the nearest way to the safest ford, and received this answer,—“Keep the Blue Blazes.” As he proceeded on his way, he saw what before, through near-sightedness, had passed unobserved by him. From the many pines that lined the path a portion of the bark had been removed, and upon the part thus laid bare there was a strip of blue,—the single dash of a paint-brush,—resembling slightly in form the tongue of a flame’s blaze. Thus guided by the Blue Blazes as way-marks, he reached the Yuba, swollen by the winter’s rain, and crossed it in safety.

Life is a pathway to be trod, the Yuba of death is to be crossed; the teachings of justice, morality and truth, the examples of the truly

good, wise and prudent, and the sacred precepts of Holy Writ, line the wayside; these are the way-marks, the Blue Blazes that point heavenward; and man, near-sighted man, is the traveler. The true Christian who alone pursues this way thus blazed, having implicit faith and confidence in these way-marks, although himself called a "*Blue-skin*," and the doctrines of his faith "*Blue Laws*," by those who journey the roads diverse from his,—guided by the Blue Blazes, tremblingly approaches the Yuba of Death, and for a moment is lost to view in its waters, but he rises on the next wave and gains the beautiful shore of the *Eternal beyond*.

To this way the branchings-off are numerous, which, say they who pursue them, lead to the goal of joy and peace, but no one has ever been known to gain it by them. Along one rushes the false reformer and small-hearted philanthropist, but as the blazing meteor flashes through the heavens, so he comes and as quickly vanishes, for he is swiftly swallowed up in the dark oblivious waters of the Yuba! Down another path journeys the base *doubter* and *caviller*. As the fitful flashes of the firefly, so his light comes and goes, and to him all is

dark and doubtful,—not clearly seen,—till finally lost in the darkness immediately succeeding his own too fitful flashing, he stumbles upon the brink of the Yuba and sinks to be overwhelmed in its troubled waters. Along another way, with confident rapid strides, led by his own blind impetuosity and a mad will, defying God and contemning his truth, hastens the infidel atheist, but, like the others, he too, finds the Scylla and Charybdis of his own making, and is broken upon the rocks of dark perdition below.

To every high purpose and to every noble aim in life there is but one true way, and that is “blazed.” Whatever be our high calling, let the goal be ever so distant, that we may with certainty *attain it*, let us ever “Keep the Blue Blazes.”

PATRIOTISM.

BY E. W. M.

IN reading ancient history, nothing strikes us more forcibly and favorably than the ardent love of country manifested by the masses of the people. This was a distinguishing characteristic of the Romans during the period of Rome's

prosperity, and to this self-sacrificing patriotism of her sons, more than to any other cause, was due her proud position among the nations of antiquity, — lasting fame. . Indeed this is the only sure foundation of national prosperity. Without it no nation or people can make much progress in national power and civilization. Especially is this true of a government like ours, where the will of the people is the supreme law of the land, and where every man is free to express his own opinion. Seldom has the patriotism of a people been put to a severer test than was that of the people of the United States at the opening of the present war. And nothing could do more to inspire with hope the lovers of free institutions throughout the world, and at the same time afford a better guarantee of the future prosperity of this nation, than the promptness with which the people responded to the call for volunteers in the service of their country. The first blast of the war-trumpet was sufficient to arouse, in the hearts of a peaceful people, that latent patriotism, which had lain so long dormant, that it had begun to be doubted whether it really had an existence in these latter times. .

History fails to furnish a more striking example of self-sacrificing devotion to country than is exhibited in the readiness with which more than half a million of loyal citizens, of all classes and conditions, have forsaken their homes and the pursuits of peace to defend the national flag and to preserve the government. And never was there a time when so much depended upon the patriotism of a people, or when their action would have a greater influence on the destinies of the world. The decision of this contest will decide to a great extent the fate of Republican institutions for generations to come. In this light is the present struggle regarded by the civilized world, and it is not strange that the progress of events is watched with intense interest by foreign nations. Every loyal citizen now has an opportunity to aid in determining the position which the future historian shall assign to this nation in the annals of the world. Surely it is a privilege to live in such times as these, and if we faithfully discharge the duty imposed upon us, we may in after-times refer with honest pride to the part we played in this great crisis in our nation's history.

CONTEMPORANEOUS ORATORS.

BY PHILO.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. Had we designed to speak of American orators in the order of their excellence, we might have hesitated before giving Mr. Phillips less than the first rank. Let us not be frightened from a candid judgment of him by the cry so apt to be raised, of "agitator," "fanatic," and "radical;" an epithet is not an argument, and has no weight with candid minds.

Mr. Phillips, born of good family, receiving a liberal education, and educated for the bar, with unusual ability early accorded to him, the highest honors seemed easily within his reach. At the time he was first entering upon public notice, the anti-slavery agitation had just commenced, now nearly thirty years ago. Entering Faneuil Hall for the purpose of combating the arguments of the leaders of the movement, he returned convinced of the justice of their leading principle — "the immediate emancipation of the slave his unconditional right." With strict adherence to his sense of right — a quality for which he has become noted — he was ever

afterward the uncompromising advocate of the abolition of slavery. To use his own words, he knows "no duty but to talk and act for the black man." Other reforms may receive his approval and sympathy; but this is his work,—to agitate for the liberation of the slave. We have nothing to do here with the soundness or unsoundness of the theories of that school of philanthropists of which Mr. Phillips is perhaps the foremost man. Here, then, we find him, for twenty-five years, the popular advocate of an unpopular cause, and by the nature of things the defender of many other reforms than that to which he is specially devoted.

Mr. Phillips is perhaps the most versatile orator extant,—versatile in subject, not in style,—always graceful and composed, whether before an admiring audience or a turbulent mob. These last he rarely meets of late. Of commanding personal appearance, his silence is eloquent. His strongest denunciations of men or measures are spoken in the smoothest of tones, with no violence of gesture or agitation of manner. His caustic criticism and cutting sarcasm make him feared and hated by his opponents. His style is the reverse of that com-

monly termed "flowery"; with no long drawn periods, it is simple, chaste, and necessarily pleasing. This his bitterest opponents admit. His addresses abound in classic illustrations; but an audience in sympathy with the speaker is never wearied. He is perhaps the most fearless of orators — not alone in confronting a noisy mob, though in this he is singularly bold. For instance, if a meeting has been broken up, he delivers an address the next week upon "mobs"; but in espousing any cause, however unpopular, which seems right to him, is this fearlessness seen. As he says, "One is a majority with God."

Never confined to notes, and frequently speaking extemporaneously, in this he has great claim to our admiration. His unimpeached private character is not overshadowed by acts of public corruption. He is never charged with ambition for popular favor, and is more likely, indeed, to choose the martyr's crown. For many years advocating an unpopular cause, he can now see almost the realization of his desires; — hurling his anathemas at the American Union, he now sees it on the brink of falling. But should he see this accomplished, and even

African slavery swept from the land, he will not be cheated of his work, but will find, in other reforms — temperance, woman's rights, of something else — room for his labors. To him more than to any other, we presume, belongs the credit that the public schools of Boston are open to the black and white alike. At the death of John Brown, Mr. Phillips of all others was the one to take the body of the martyred Puritan to the dreary home at North Elba. Remembering his position, culture, and wealth, if we do not accord him credit for thus being always found the friend of the poor and out-cast, we shall at least grant him sincerity and unselfishness of purpose.

But it is in the Lyceum that he meets the most unqualified approval. It is here his æsthetic culture, generous heart, and graceful address find cordial appreciation ; but we confess it is to his moral strength that we pay heartiest tribute. Without intending to eulogize, we have been led into commendation perhaps too general for the critic, who is generally sure to find much to condemn. But believing that class of minds to which Mr. Phillips belongs to be necessary to the well-being of every gen-

eration, we cheerfully accord him the position of the foremost philanthropist of America ; and his position as an eloquent orator is secure. He has been, as it were, a balance-wheel to reformers. While the lighter converts to his faith have from one reform flown to others of questionable merit, as "socialism," "spiritualism," &c., he has been in no haste to espouse them, but has regarded them with a suspicious, though charitable eye. For his influence upon the present age, let the historian find it in the steady realization of all his hopes. One after another, the causes he has espoused have become popular ;—the structure of to-day is built of the stones the builder rejected but yesterday.

DIED in the hospital, December 30, of typhoid fever, C. W. WING, of the 26th N. Y. Regiment, after an illness of ten weeks. Also died, New Year's Eve, G. W. BEARD, of typhoid fever, after an illness of five days.

CHRISTMAS DAY was celebrated by a parade of "Fantastiques," under the auspices of Cell

No. 4, second floor. In the afternoon the "Star Spangled Banner" and all the national airs were sung in the yard with fine effect. We are glad to see that patriotism is not on the wane among us.



NOTICES.

THE usual Prayer-Meeting will be held Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, in Cell No. 4. Bible-Class in No. 8, at 1 o'clock, P. M. Also a Prayer-Meeting at 2 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, in Cell No. 2. All are cordially invited to attend.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Floating at Parish Prison, New Orleans.

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EDITOR, WM. C. BATES.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1862.

No. 1.

IN commencing this second volume of our weekly journal we cordially thank those contributors who have lightened the editorial duties in past weeks by their contributions, and it is very desirable they shall continue to furnish us with the ripest fruits of their genius. We have so far steadily adhered to the policy adopted by the founders of this journal, of giving *no compensation* even to the *best* talent, fully persuaded that "genius is its own reward," and that in the consciousness of duty well performed there is enough to incite all to activity.

The scarcity of paper throughout this bogus Confederacy has hitherto prevented our enlarging this journal, and we know has deprived

us of many valuable contributions; but let us go on conquering all obstacles, let us lighten the gloom of prison life, and let us do all *we* can to keep in remembrance the NATIONAL STARS AND STRIPES, which we fondly hope will soon wave over this degenerate city.



PRISON BALCONY, Jan. 1862.

MR. EDITOR:— Without desiring to preach a sermon or to write a lecture, I desire to say a few plain words to my fellow-soldiers upon the very common vices of vulgarity and profanity. Twin demons they seem to me, sent by the Evil One to intercept the messages which Purity and Faith would gladly send to cheer our hearts.

It seems to me these habits have grown upon us very much since leaving home. I believe, unless we improve in these respects before joining our friends, they will be sadly shocked at the impurity of our daily conversation, and they will see the dreaded consequences their fears foreboded from our absence from society. In many of our cells the last words you will hear at night, and the first in

the morning, will be either vulgar or profane. Any one so disposed may test this unwelcome truth for himself; and it is a lamentable fact, he will find a large proportion of our cell-talk is made up of about equal mixtures of vulgarity and profanity. It unfortunately happens the *loudest* talkers are most addicted to these vices,—thus forcing the attention of unwilling ears.

It seems almost an insult to our manhood to present *arguments* to show that vulgarity is mean, debasing, and contemptible. To hear some talk, at times, you would suppose their brains perfect sinks of corruption; their conversation would banish them from decent society at home, and secure for them the contempt of decent men everywhere. I can but think my fellow-soldiers need but to be reminded of this filthy habit to break from it. You know it is not manly. Those friends whose good opinion you value most, would earnestly urge you to purify your conversation,—why not do it before they know how low you have fallen?

And of profanity the same can be said, with the addition that it is wicked as well as useless

and corrupting. There is not a man but would be more manly without these pitiful imperfections. Imagine that you heard, instead of God or Christ, the names of your mother or sister, or some dearer friend, appealed to on every trifling occasion. You shudder at the thought. You would rise in holy indignation, and banish such profanation from your midst. You all recognize these evils, — why can we not get rid of them? Let us at least make an effort, in the name of common sense and common decency. Let us at least make our conversation fit for the ears of our brothers and friends around us, if not for our mothers and sisters.

If we could only go out from these walls better men than we entered, — even in these two respects only, — these grim walls would be surrounded by a halo of glory, and the benedictions of angels would follow us. Would that these few simple words might lead us to purify our speech: —

“Blessed are the pure in heart.”

“Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

Very truly,

IN EARNEST.

[Contributed.]

THE MAIL-BAG.

BY ALLE.

WE have often thought, as we looked upon those huge bags of letters so carelessly thrown into the post-office, of the many disappointments, and the many tears, both of joy and sorrow, which its distribution would occasion; and, too, as we saw the clerk tossing those little missives hither and thither, or took up a letter thrown down as if of no importance, have felt tempted to reprove him, and ask him, could he not himself feel some pleasure in giving us so precious a gift!

We have stood in the corridor and watched the various faces as they stepped to the window, and noticed the change from anxiety to joy, or from hope to sorrow, as they came away with or without the long-expected letter.

We have followed in imagination to their homes, and seen the joy of a whole household as one came bounding in, shouting, "A letter, a letter!" or listened to the eager question, "Did you get one?" and heard the despairing answer, "Not to-day."

Here comes the mother, looking for a word from her long-absent boy; care has prematurely furrowed her brow, and her footsteps are already tottering upon the brink of the grave; her face is well known to the clerk, who carelessly answers her timid inquiry, and she turns to her desolate home with moistened eye and trembling lip, to pass another night in prayer and tears. Could that boy have seen the sorrow of that mother's heart, would he have spent the night before in the society of dissolute companions? Here comes another; she does not expect a letter, for her inquiry is careless; but as she looks at the well-known writing of one she feared was dead, it is with difficulty she reaches her happy home, where, gathering the loved ones around her, she reads the joyous assurance of her boy's safety, and with one accord they kneel in prayer and praise to Him whose care is ever over all, and then she hastens to tell the glad tidings to her whose heart is wrapped up in that loved one's safety.

Here the merchant comes. He has embarked his all, and with eager eye he glances at the superscription, and then breaks the seal to read that the castles are falling which for years he

has been building, his dearest hopes crushed, and he a bankrupt and beggar.

We linger awhile among the piles of letters which never have reached their destination, and think of hearts broken by their delay, and then go out realizing that life is full of disappointments, and that a mail-bag changes many a life-history.



NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THERE seems little reason to doubt that our troops have just captured sixteen hundred rebels in Kentucky.

A systematic exchange of prisoners has certainly commenced, but is probably working slowly as yet.

We have been disappointed in not receiving a special dispatch from the commander of the United States forces at Ship Island and Lake Pontchartrain; but we suppose he does not wish his future movements published in this quarter.

Prince Albert is dead. When he died we

don't know; but the British residents of Norfolk held a meeting of condolence Dec. 30th.

A dispatch from Centreville to Richmond says Mason and Slidell have certainly been released. — Private dispatches from Mobile to Richmond, Dec. 30th, say "twenty-two Federal vessels are landing troops at Ship Island" — a *scouting party* probably.

Prince Alfred left Nassau, N. P., Dec. 6th. — Gen. Scott has arrived in New York. — Gen. McClellan has been seriously unwell.

It was the intention of the editor to have devoted one sheet to the special department of "Guard Reports," but they are altogether too numerous. By one we hear "the troops here have only one cartridge each." "One regiment has lain down their arms," — and again, "our troops could have the city by the asking," etc.; etc., — all of which is true, *of course*. We expect next, some good-natured sentry will invite us to walk out and take a boat for Cairo.

Another fleet left Boston for Southern waters, January 2d.

We are pleased to state that Gen. Palfrey,

on being asked to furnish us with a clergyman on Sunday, said he would.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

OWING to the sudden illness of our joking contributor our columns are barren to-day: We hope better things next week.

We have again to thank our hospital steward for a savory dish of salad (?) — *raw potatoes and cabbage!!*

The stock of oranges having failed, there will be less demand for molasses, and fewer cases for the doctor's call.

The occupants of cell No. 2, second floor, are said to be very penitent since their penance of Saturday last. Bone-working continues their chief solace.

Early vegetables continue to be brought in, — chiefly cabbages. Peas and strawberries are expected — in a horn!

The change of diet foretold by the doctor, has come and gone, in a single meal. We should like, not only a change of *diet*, but a change of *living*, — *in toto*.

We notice a growing disposition among the

prisoners to break out, — particularly in the pants!

We greeted this morning our old acquaintance "Tea-ho," — not with pleasure, though, for herbs never did agree with our stomach; give us the cereals, say we. "Our cry is still for" — rye coffee.

A small squad of caged Yankees may be found on free exhibition at No. 4, third floor.

Wanted — A trustworthy messenger to convey to the Federal troops on Ship Island the fact that there isn't powder enough in this city to kill a chicken. (*Vide* Guard Report.)

A Prayer-Meeting will be held in Cell No. 2, Friday, P. M., at 2 o'clock, also in Cell No. 4, Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock.

A Bible-Class is held each Sunday at 1, P. M., in No. 8, second floor. All are cordially invited to attend.



WILL YOU ENLIST?

SOME months ago our country asked this question of every man, and throughout the land, from Maine to Minnesota, there was a hearty response, and the hundreds of thousands

who entered the army have nobly earned the prayers of those they left behind. To-day the question comes to us with a different, even with a grander meaning. Your Heavenly Father,— He who has kept you safe in battle, who has preserved your health while strong men have wasted away,— who even now holds out to you a hope of release,— He, all-good, all-wise, all-powerful, asks you, “ Will you enlist in *my* service ? ” — and he holds forth to you *precious promises*. Search, and you will find them scattered all through the Bible. You have now plenty of time to think of these things. If you decide not now you will be without excuse. Will you enlist in the service of the Most High God ? Angels hover near us to catch your avowal of an interest in Jesus Christ. Will you not let them carry to heaven the glad tidings that you are on the Lord’s side ?

CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

BY PHILO.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

A BRILLIANT meteor, flashing across the heavens, excites our admiration and wonder.

Not unlike this is the fiery eloquence of Mr. Gough, the Apostle of Temperance. Of most orators one can form some conception by reading their printed speeches, but this one must be heard to be understood,— all description fails to present him truly if you have never heard him. One can faintly describe a mountain stream in its swift-dashing career, but its grandeur as it pushes aside huge boulders, and its rapid beauty as it leaps from rock to rock, — these must be *seen*. It is so in some sort with our orator. The vesture in which his erratic genius clothes his ideas, is too changeable for description. Now you are moved to tears by his portrayal of the misery of the drunkard's home, — and at once you are convulsed with laughter at some ludicrous scene, which even misery itself cannot hide. He leaves nothing for the imagination of his hearers to supply. It is all before you — he reels as a drunken man, he shrieks in the madness of delirium tremens, he prays with the tenderness of a broken-hearted mother in prayer for her wandering son, he wrestles with the demon of temptation, or walks the platform in the dignity of manhood, — temptation resisted.

His variable voice and dramatic action fascinate the hearer by the vivid portrayal of scenes which he has personally beheld; his illustrations are drawn from real life, and not at second hand, for not only has he felt the cravings of appetite and yielded even to beastliness, but since then he has gone down to the dregs of society to reclaim its victims, and the dark secrets of the abodes of vice are known to him. His fund of anecdote and skill of delineation are wonderful; but if felicity of illustration and a theatrical portrayal were all Mr. Gough depended upon to influence his audience, he would never have received the general commendation he does. We might then compare his eloquence to the brilliancy of the rocket, which in the end is nothing but a black and charred stick. But he addresses both the head and heart with solid arguments to enforce his doctrine of total abstinence. He does not spare the rich or the powerful in his fiery denunciations of their responsibility for intemperance. He deals hard blows, little caring who is hurt, so he hits his mark. "Thou art the man," is a frequent application of his. Mr. Gough's oratory is not the school for the

student. He must look elsewhere for his model,—this kind comes only by *nature*. He is anything but smooth or elegant in manner,—he is forcible, theatrical, unique. The popularity of Mr. Gough is such he has received almost fabulous prices for his lectures at times,—here and in his most successful tour through England and Scotland,—yet we do not think he can be justly charged with having sacrificed the cause he has adopted for the promotion of his private ends. No one that we know has attained to particular eminence by a hired advocacy of a reform which did not engage his heart. It has often occurred to us, if Mr. Gough had been chosen the Apostle of the Cross, rather than of the Temperance Reform, he would have had singular success in bringing men to a knowledge of their Saviour. Although Mr. Gough lectures upon various subjects, Temperance is the key-note of all. To this test all society is brought, and in this field must the observer look to judge of the influence of Mr. Gough upon the generation in which he lives.

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EDITOR, WM. C. BATES.

VOL. II.

JANUARY 15, 1862.

No. 2.

WE came very nearly disappointing our readers this week by failing to give them the paper; and the reason would have been found in the rumors that have been circulated that *this* week was to witness our departure for the North *sure*. But we remembered that a prominent advocate of Millerism in our native State, is said to have employed workmen in the midst of that now defunct excitement, in building good, substantial *stone wall*, calculated to last, at least, half a century beyond the prophesied time of the world's destruction. With some such commendable foresight we have not failed to urge upon contributors to send in their effusions as usual, — with what success will be seen.

[Communicated.]

RANDOM TALK ABOUT GOING HOME.

BY KELEUTS.

LETTERS received from the North before Christmas contained intimations of a speedy release for us and a return to our homes. We were told that exchange of prisoners was going on as rapidly as circumstances would permit. But our hope was deferred. We were not alone in our disappointment. There were thousands of disappointed fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts in the far-off North, who every day expected us, and waited with outstretched arms to receive us. But now the prospect brightens again, and there can scarcely be a doubt that our day of release draws near. Humanly speaking, we can hardly be disappointed this time.

As the time draws near when we are to go, confinement becomes every day more irksome. There is no such thing as getting used to imprisonment. At times, too, there comes over me a very painful sense of the uncertainty of human affairs. Though I believe the day of release draws near, it seems almost as though I should never live to see it. After the terri-

ble experiences of the last few months, it seems too happy a lot for me that I should be permitted to rest my weary spirit at home, happy in the love of father, mother, brother, and sister, and one who is dearer than any of these, — it seems too good to be true.

It is a fact in mental philosophy, often recognized, that, after days of darkness and despair, the mind does not at once and easily reconcile itself to the return of a better state of things. In "Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit," after Martin and Mark have been through famine and fever in their western "Eden," and looked death in the face for months together, — we are told that when at length they are about to be delivered, — when the steamer passes up the river, which is to return in three weeks and carry them homeward, neither Martin nor Mark can believe that he shall live till the end of the three weeks. It seems to each that he will die before the glad day comes. Had there not been this unbelief, their joy would, perhaps, have been too great. A kind Providence has so formed us that extreme joy or sorrow is generally tempered with some admixture of the opposite emotion. Life, though a tragedy, as somebody has

said, has, like most of Shakspeare's tragedies, a mixture of comedy too. Moore has a couplet which aptly expresses this thought:—

“Our earth as it rolls through the regions of space,
Has always two faces—one dark and one sunny,
And poor human life runs the same sort of race,
Being sad on one side and t'other side funny.”

For some time, fellow-prisoners, we have been mostly in the shadow, but we trust there is to be a revolution, — that we are to have sunshine, scarcely dimmed by a cloud, — may God speed the day! Meanwhile let us exhibit a proper degree of patience and manly courage. Let us so demean ourselves that we may bring no reproach upon ourselves or the country which we represent. Let us by no word or act of ours indicate that we have the least sympathy for rebels and traitors, or that we have lost confidence in the government of*the United States in the slightest degree. Then may we go home proud of our imprisonment and of the sufferings which we have endured for our country's sake. Our friends will be proud to welcome us; and when we stand once more under the glorious Stars and Stripes, no shame shall mingle with our patriotic pride and joy.

[Contributed.]

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

BY ALLE.

THIS truth, so often repeated, so easily understood in almost every situation of life, never was so full of meaning to every heart as to-day, when, far from its enjoyment, we look fondly back to the spot around which cluster so many hallowed associations, — sacred to a mother's memory, — where the golden days of childhood were passed. We forget the sorrow of the present as the memory of those days, now gone forever, come before us; we see the old homestead whose every beam and rafter is cherished, the green where we met in the summer evenings to hear the words of father as he read to us from God's Word, and turn to the old churchyard where the grass has been growing for years upon the grave of a mother. We can see the old meeting-house, within whose sacred walls we have heard our pastor preach the word of life, and we drop a tear of fond remembrance as memory recalls the day when, with our mother's Bible in our hands, we left the old home to go out into the world, to carve a way for ourselves, and received the blessing

of our father, and the farewell kiss of her who now is lying peacefully under the shadow of the church. It is the memory of those happy days, the lessons of our boyhood's hours, which has made us pause on the eve of some bad deed, — which has taught us a firmer faith in manhood, a deeper veneration for woman.

“What would mother say?” has saved many a young man from a life of crime, has cheated the prison of many an inmate, the gallows of many a victim. And if we look back with so much pleasure to the home of the past, with what enjoyment can we look forward, beyond the sorrows of the present, to that better home beyond this vale of tears, — that home where our dear ones are playing upon golden harps and singing the songs of the redeemed! We can remember our former homes with pleasure, but the forms of those we loved are no longer there, — and we turn to our future home, where we may all be gathered to part no more! No more parting there, — no more imprisonment. We need be sad no more, for we shall have no cause of sorrow there. If we remember with joy those Sabbath evenings at home, when the family united in the songs of praise around the family

altar, with how much more joy can we look forward to that everlasting Sabbath-day above, when we may gather around the family altar of the Most High, to sing a nobler and a sweeter song!



GREAT INVENTION.

WE were shown the other day a new invention, which is destined to work an entire change in the annals of literature. It turns out poetry at the rate of sixty lines per minute. We are proud to be able to present to our readers the first product of this wonderful machine :

1.

On Saturday last,
In the week just gone past,
We thought our fate cast
By the arrival of Lieutenant Todd.

2.

The General took him
Up the yard to look in,
And witness the cookin'
Of Joe Mullaly.

3.

The Lieutenant smiled,
And thought Joe was wild
To give soup so mild
To prisoners of war.

4.

But his smile was much greater
When he saw the sliced potater
Which Bly passed, *pro ratâ*,
One spoonful to each case of scurvy.

5.

And his smile waxed much broader
When the next thing in order,
The rest of the fodder,
Was handed out — raw cabbage.

6.

Then, coming up higher,
The boys thought him a buyer,
And called us a liar
When we said 'twas old Todd.

7.

He was looking at rings,
And other bone things,
When Jack Berry brings
A pair of his famous sleeve-buttons.

8.

Having no more change,
He got out of range
Of noises so strange
 Made by the bone-sellers.

9.

Being fresh from the city,
He thought it quite witty
To say 'twas a pity
 That we are so shabby; but we didn't see it.

10.

We cannot complain,
If the reason he came
Was simply to blame
 Those who have charge of us — that we don't
 get more to eat, and a better place to sleep in.

11.

But the boys were all bent
That he came with the intent
Of having us sent
 To the North immediately, *via* Norfolk and
 Fort Monroe, and would give us the clothes
 which every one knows had been sent to
 our foes by our Government at Washington.

(It may be observed this last line rather injures *the measure* of the last stanza. This was

owing to the inexperience of the operators, who were unable to stop the machine at the right time. This will be remedied in future.

THE week just passed is perhaps the one to be longest remembered by the prisoners of war in New Orleans, unless it be the week which shall witness our departure. The government has sent to us a full supply of clothing, with its usual liberality. The supply sent is abundant; every man is now comfortably clothed, either for remaining here or for going home. Of the distribution of the clothing we have less reason to complain than we expected. Instead of a few dozen shirts finding their way to the backs of Confederate soldiers and *other criminals*, it is perhaps surprising that whole cases of coats or pants were not lost (?) on the way from Norfolk to New Orleans. General Palfrey, we say, has done *his* duty; the clothing was given out impartially and expeditiously, with as much care as would have been used in our own army. We suppose our fellow-soldiers in Tuscaloosa have been similarly provided for.

There is one thing in this connection we

have to say: We have reason to believe a deep-laid plot exists on the part of the officers near us, aided by the captain of this prison, to induce the men to sell their clothing at a small part of its real value. They wish to clothe whole companies in the good, substantial clothing of Uncle Sam. To accomplish this, the criminals are authorized to buy what *they* can; and the guards are put up to trade for shoes, shirts, or anything they can barter for. They openly boast that in a month's time they will have uniforms enough for an entire company. Soldiers of the Army! this must not be. The idea is an insult to your honor. See to it that you prove yourselves above such cupidity. We know you need only to be warned in time, to be saved from such shame. For the honor of our country, go out of this prison well clothed in the most honorable garments you can wear — those of the United States soldier.

PABISH PRISON, N. O., January, 1862.

A MEETING was held in the yard this morning, January 18th, to consider the expediency of adopting some measures to prevent the selling of clothing to the enemy. Mr. Bates called

the meeting to order, and, on motion, Mr. Stiles, of Ohio, was chosen chairman. The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Bates, of Mass.; Mr. Dickens, of New York; Mr. Hendrickson, of Maine; and Sergeant Bohm, of Ohio, in able and patriotic speeches. A committee of five was appointed to report to our government any cases of the disposing of clothing to the enemy. The committee consists of Wheeler, of Mass.; Hendrickson, of Maine; Bohm, of Ohio; Edmiston, of Pennsylvania; and Dickson, of New York. The meeting adjourned *sine die*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE long-promised clothing has at length arrived. It seems the blankets were not directed to suit the rebels, and were returned to Fortress Monroe. The old partnership of pride and poverty has another illustration; and so too may the proverb — "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall!"

Captain McIvor, our gallant fellow-prisoner of the 69th, recently dated a letter "Head-

quarters advanced picket-guard of the Union army."

General Burnside has just sailed from Fort Monroe with an expedition for Southern waters.

The Federal troops, on the 6th inst., captured, near Romney, Va., two cannon, baggage-wagons, and prisoners, — how many the rebels don't say.

The Senate has resolved in favor of exchanging the privateers taken from the Jeff. Davis.

Baker, of Oregon, one of the foremost men in the United States Senate, is dead.

Congressman Ely was warmly welcomed on his arrival in New York. He addressed the crowd from the steps of the hotel.

Two hundred and sixty wounded soldiers left Richmond on Sunday last for Fort Monroe.

The charges against Colonel Kerrigan have been proved.

Extracts from Northern papers say the release of Hatteras prisoners has met with such success, by the return of a similar number, that another lot will be sent South soon. God grant it.

The petition to the general government to release us by exchange met with such opposi-

tion, it will probably not be sent. This is well ; it shows we have full confidence in our government, and that we will bide *its* time though we die exiles. The petition, as originally drafted, contained a clause referring to the petitioners as "anxious to be again in active service." This was omitted by order of General Palfrey. Without this clause no signers could be obtained.



AUNT COLUMBIA'S TALK TO THE PRISONERS OF WAR.

"WELL, boys, your good-natured old Uncle Sam has remembered your nakedness, and has sent you some new clothes. He knew your captors were so confoundedly poor they couldn't afford to give you all even a hickory shirt, much less a whole suit.

"Now Uncle Sam has *come down*, like the honorable old fellow we have always thought him to be. He, no doubt, meant you should get these things by New Year's Day ; but they have come all right at last. There are one or two things I want to mention, now we are on the subject, and I hope you will take it all in good part.

“ You know, in the first place, that Uncle Sam is a proud old fellow, and he expects you to keep these new fixins nice and clean, so that when you go home you may show the rebels, all along the road, that you are to work for a party that's got the ‘ rocks,’ and that don't forget you when you are out of sight. You want to wear your clothes now? Of course, you do, and he wants you to. Put them right on, and make yourselves comfortable; you've suffered enough already; but if you do the best you can to keep them clean and nice, you won't stay here long enough to spoil 'em.

“ But there is something else, more important than this, I want to say. You know Uncle Sam has caught some of those wicked privateers, and he wants to hang 'em; but so as to make sure of getting you all home soon, and the other boys at Charleston too, he is going to let those privateers go. Now you fellows, who have been grumbling and complaining that Uncle Sam didn't care anything about the prisoners, and, worse than that, half encouraged those traitors in their rebellion by your fault-finding with our government, don't you feel ashamed of yourselves, now you see what has

been done for you? Well, I won't scold you if you'll behave better in future. And when you go out of this prison, step off smart, as though you were proud of your uniform; and on the way home show yourselves PATRIOTS and soldiers, and not weak-minded men, flattering the rebels who crowd around the car windows. Be gentlemanly, though. And you needn't curse them, unless they aggravate you very much. And look out how you behave after you get home, — so your friends won't be ashamed of you. If you will remember you are United States soldiers, you will be all right, and will have some right to give hearty cheers when you get under the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER!"

APPENDIX.

OUR RELEASE.

May 21, 1862. The following parole of honor was offered to the Federal prisoners held at Salisbury, North Carolina: "The undersigned, prisoners of war to the Confederate States of America, do solemnly swear, that if released, they will not take up arms against the Confederate States until exchanged; and that they will not communicate in any manner anything which might injure the cause of the Confederate States, which they have heard, or which may have come to their knowledge since their capture."

Two hundred were sent each morning for seven days -- leaving only some hundred commissioned officers of all grades, including chaplains and surgeons. It would be impossible to adequately describe the emotions of those men who had waited now for nearly a year for this day of release. They had been, alternately, in hope and despair, through the sickening months, in various prisons, both military and criminal. The loathsome jails of New Orleans and Nashville had here emptied themselves, as had also the factories of Richmond

and Tuscaloosa; many were enfeebled by disease, all were more or less affected by a long continuance upon an unhealthy diet. The previous month had been one of unusual darkness and gloom; many heretofore hopeful were losing spirits and strength—the prelude to the hospital and the grave. From this gloom, as the release seemed certain, the transition was magical. Although many breaches of faith by our captors had rendered us too cautious to believe their promises at once, we were full of hope, of joy, of thanksgiving. The journey from Salisbury to Tarboro', by rail, and thence by boat to our forces at Washington on the Tar River, — to call it the happiest trip of our lives, is inexpressive and tame; words fail to express our emotions. Who of those hundreds of men will ever forget the first sight of that little town — away across the meadows, by the low shores of the winding river — and the rapturous thoughts that there, just before us, was *liberty, home, friends, our flag*, — everything dear to us, everything for which we had waited so anxiously and prayed so fervently in those long weary months? The very trees seemed waving a welcome to us, while, in imagination, the shore was crowded with fathers, mothers, wives, and sweethearts, all with outstretched arms waiting to receive us; then came to mind those lines of Schiller: —

“O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A man among his fellow-men.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are opened, —
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.”

And a little later, as we stepped from under the rebel flag which so long had maddened us by its rebellious folds, to our own steamer, under our own glorious Stars and Stripes, for which we had fought and were ready to die, what wonder that men were beside themselves for joy, — that they shouted, danced, wept, even kissed the mute folds of those loved colors ! The kindly beams of the setting sun shed a halo of glory upon the pleasant town as we dropped down the river, bidding adieu to the rebels until our next meeting upon the deadly battle-field.

It is much to be regretted that we have no official report of the match-games of base-ball played in Salisbury between the New Orleans and Tuscaloosa boys, resulting in the triumph of the latter ; the cells of the Parish Prison were unfavorable to the development of the *skill of the "New Orleans Nine."*

On our last Sabbath in Salisbury, we were favored with preaching, in the yard, by our old Richmond friend, Rev. Mr. Eddy, of Connecticut. The circumstances, the surroundings, lent an eloquence, even unusual, to his always forcible remarks.

At the risk of giving an enviable (to him) notoriety, we must chronicle the desertion of E. Buchanan, formerly of Colonel Kerrigan's regiment. A letter from him, (copies of which are now in the North,) to Jeff. Davis, not only sufficiently proves his own treason, but implicates others now at liberty, whose course at Munson's Hill, and at the formation of the regiment, was at least questionable. E. B., at the time of our leaving, had been unable to get into the rebel service, although quartered with them for weeks previous to our departure.

FEDERAL SOLDIERS IN REBEL PRISONS IN 1861.

"TELL me the occupation of a people, and I will tell you their character," says the historian in all ages. Let us throw this light upon the Federal prisoners as we have known them in the principal rebel-prisons of the South.

The Richmond papers, in the summer of 1861, taxed their ingenuity to the utmost to devise suitable employment for the "idle, lazy Yankees," as they called us; they suggested fortifications, tread-mills, coal-mines, and the scaffold; but it was reserved for the Yankees themselves to devise their own employments, and to fix their own compensation. The first considerable number of prisoners in rebel hands were taken at Manassas, and these remained a nucleus around which were gathered those taken at Ball's Bluff, Cross Lanes, Falling Waters, etc.

For the first few weeks after arriving at Richmond all our energies were devoted to the culinary and sanitary wants; the former being imperfectly supplied, the latter were the more pressing. At the same time, individual character began to manifest itself in various ways; cards occupied much of the time of many, chess was learned by a few, several jack-knives were employed upon peach-stone baskets, and a class in phonography sprang up in one corner; an Algebra and Arithmetic were procured from the city, and some of the Oberlin boys were soon too deeply immersed in German, French, or Greek, to mind the gaping wonder of the rebel visitors. But it was later in our captivity — in Tuscaloosa, New Orleans, and Salisbury — when the occupations became more varied and continuous; there we "settled down" to

make the best of our case. The bone-working of our men has already become a matter of history. This was taken up simultaneously at Tuscaloosa and New Orleans, and continued to interest and benefit large numbers of the men during the whole of their confinement. At first the *material* was found in the soup and meat of the day's rations, but Yankee enterprise soon discovered that the raw material was susceptible of better polish and intricacy of design; so the meat, fresh from the butcher, was stripped of its osseous framework before passing to the cook-house. This supply continued, though in limited quantities, and was skilfully wrought into curious devices of rings, watch-chains, crosses, regiment names, numbers, etc. etc. For tools, a common knife, with a saw made of a case-knife; these, too, were "contraband," and carefully concealed at the customary searches. In itself the bone-work was not a poetical employment; but if we consider the effect of such constant employment of mind and hands of men whose greatest danger was from introversion of their thoughts, drawing their minds away from self, from home, absent friends, and all their sufferings,—if we remember every grind of the bone upon the stone pavement, and every cut of the knife, was grinding away the heartache and cutting away homesickness,—in this light, this humble occupation becomes a saviour of those manly hearts, and many a home is now rejoicing in its returned light, which but for this might now have mourned the prisoner of war who died of a broken heart. Another happy thought was the organizations of military companies, which also happened both in New Orleans and Tuscaloosa. After the arrival of the govern-

ment clothing, (the rebels never gave us a stitch of clothing,) our men, feeling more like soldiers and less like prisoners, organized the first Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers. The company organizations were complete, and such drill as the limited space of the yard (80 feet by 30 feet) would allow was daily had. By this both mind and body were benefitted, and many an one will be prouder of his commission in that "advanced guard" of the Union army in New Orleans than of any honors which he may afterwards attain in the national army.

Of the literary pursuits of the prisoners, the "Stars and Stripes" and the weekly meetings of the Union Lyceum speak volumes. The productions may have no literary merit, but the wonder is not that so much was done, but that anything was accomplished under the enervating and disheartening influences of prison life.

While the religious meetings and classes can hardly be considered as "occupations," yet their influence upon those who took part in them cannot be overrated. Though comparatively limited to few, the spiritual benefit to those was unlimited; the Spirit of the Most High was there, and who will pretend to judge of its ultimate effects upon those immortal souls.

In Salisbury, another great agent for amusing, interesting, and benefitting the men was found in the theatricals. Three of the rooms (containing two hundred and fifty men each) had each a nicely arranged stage, with all the paraphernalia of theatrical accompaniment, as side-slips, curtains, and foot-lights. Machinists, carpenters, and decorators all had their tasks to do; while the "corps dramatique" comprised every

degree of talent, from high tragedy to low comedy. Pantomimes and songs alternated with Shakspeare and sterling comedy. None will forget the powerful impersonations of Shylock, Richard III., or Othello, or the mirth-provoking representations of O'Callahan and Morgan Rattler. The "Irish Lion" and imitations of Forrest were equally interesting. Time would fail to enumerate the various performances; the concerts in themselves were an institution not to be forgotten. We often concluded friends at home might be sitting down to poorer entertainments than those we were giving in that rebel prison, a thousand miles away. By such occupations as these did the prisoners of war beguile the weary, monotonous hours, cheating themselves into a few hours of cheer only to be brought back to despair the deeper. As we have said, the wonder is not that *so much* was done, but that *anything* was accomplished where the natural tendency was to sit down and listlessly wish the time away. The historian of the present time will judge of the character of the prisoners of war by their occupations, and will find them to have been a thoughtful, energetic, and patriotic body of men,—in short, a very good epitome of the Federal army; intelligent, hardy, and faithful; forming as it does probably an army of the highest character the world has ever seen.



TREATMENT OF PRISONERS BY THE REBELS.

INTO this question the personal temperament of the witness is so sure to enter, it is difficult to arrive at a satisfactory opinion. While it is one man's nature to remember only the in-

sults and jeers to which he was subjected, the scanty and distasteful rations and the crowded quarters, another will see in the same only necessary inconveniences incident to the position of a prisoner, and rendered unavoidable by the poverty of his captors. The latter finds many of the officers gentlemanly, and disposed to improve his condition if it were possible for them, while the former meets only curses, and is continually harassed by domineering officials. In this confusion of testimony, it is only possible to hear from both parties, and to judge from the facts presented. The sufferings of the prisoners are none the less severe because they may be caused by the inefficiency rather than the ill-will of the enemy. The Federal soldier, upon being captured by the rebels, finds himself hustled about from guard to guard, but little attention paid to the demands of hunger or thirst; perhaps made to run at double-quick for the first half-dozen miles, to prevent his recapture; unnecessary measures taken which prevent his comfort, although the object is to prevent his escape. His bed at night is likely enough to be a mud-hole; and unless his blanket was upon his shoulder when taken, he will be blanketless for months. This most trying experience very likely ends in his being driven into the tobacco factories in Richmond. Here he finds he is to live with his comrades in closer proximity than men are called upon to live in the most crowded cities of the world. Indeed, the often described horrors of the "middle passage" seem the only comparison to be used, while a steerage passage upon the packet ship is comparatively comfortable. In those first days of capture, before reaching the military prisons, justice compels me to say prisoners are very rarely plun-

dered of their private property, or are threatened in their lives; but this is only saying the rebels are not Indians, and are half-civilized rather than barbarous. To resume — of the tobacco factories: the prisoner generally finds that most of his time will be required to keep himself cleanly. Soap and water are supplied, though in limited quantities. Having no change of clothing, he must rest shirtless while said article is drying in the sun. Of the rations — in Richmond they generally consisted of bread, beef, and soup — enough to sustain life and make one constantly wishing for more; not as unhealthy in diet during our experience there as we afterwards found in North Carolina, and as the case probably is to-day in Richmond. No liberty out of doors is allowed, and it was not a very unusual occurrence for some over-zealous sentinel to shoot at the windows *upon no provocation whatever*, sometimes wounding, and in two instances killing a prisoner; this was unauthorized by the officials, but we have never known of a sentinel being reprimanded or removed from duty from such violation of military decency. These occurrences were not frequent enough to be considered dangerous by men who had been where bullets were flying and shells bursting, but show the wanton spirit of the rebels at that time; there were individual instances of official barbarity, sometimes long-continued and vexatious in the extreme, but we cannot say that such was the rule and not the exception. There is no official honor in the Confederacy, but individual officers were *generally* courteous and gentlemanly. While the government does not hesitate to break its bargains — hesitates not to keep prisoners when it cannot adequately support them; while the newspapers propose

the most inhuman treatment, coolly urge hanging and close confinement; while from the outward manifestations one would suppose we were confined in Hades, with howling devils yelling for our blood at the gates — we were really living coolly enough, with little to complain of those who had immediate charge of us, however hard were the unavoidable sufferings of our condition. The five hundred prisoners of war who were removed to New Orleans and quartered in the Parish Prison under charge of *criminals*, subject entirely to prison-discipline, remaining from October 1, 1861, to February 1862, will ever charge upon the "Confederacy" an abandonment of all the laws of military honor; yet it must be said that they handed us over from military to criminal jurisprudence more on account of its cheapness and the safety insured by the prison-bolts and bars rather than from any desire to insult our pride, but it was an indignity not to be forgiven by soldiers. In New Orleans the rations were provided by contract with the sheriff, and southern contractors, we have yet to learn, are more scrupulous than our northern vampires; suffice it to say, had not a kind Providence opened up a way by which the men could supply themselves with some extra provision, there would be many a sad tale of suffering from the short rations in New Orleans.

In Salisbury, N. C., is a large military prison, accommodating nearly two thousand prisoners; here the quarters — since the men have the liberty of the yard — are more endurable than at any other point in Rebellom; but Nature has adhered to her system of "compensation," and here the diet was the most unhealthy and repulsive it was our

fortune to undergo in any of the prisons, and such is the testimony of those whose experience extended to the prisons in Columbia and Tuscaloosa, giving us a range of experience throughout the South. Indeed the privileges of the yard were extended only after the most urgent representations from the physician in charge, that more room was absolutely required for the existence of the men, — that they *must* get out of doors.

We had intended to speak of the hospital arrangements, the scarcity of medicines, and lack of attention, but space forbids. It is generally granted that the evils of this department are such as their own men are subject to, and not from lack of disposition on their part to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded. The rebels always claimed to be treating us honorably as prisoners of war; and looking back on those darkest months we have ever known, we are inclined to believe our greatest privations were necessitated by the *condition* of our captors rather than caused by their *disposition*, but none the more easy to bear on that account. We trust our fellow-citizens need not, to induce them to enlist — we know our brave soldiers need not — be told that the rebels are less than human; there is incitement enough in the thought of our great country endangered, our noble government assailed, to call to arms every citizen, to sustain every soldier.

THE CHANGE.

THOSE of us who entered the heart of the rebellion in the summer of 1861, and left its tender embraces at the

opening of the summer of 1862, could not fail to notice a marked change in the tone of the people, as seen in the papers. Although newspapers were "contraband" and carefully excluded, we were seldom without them, and read them anxiously, not only for the news, but for the signs of the times. Throughout the year 1861 they were buoyant and hopeful; the pirate ship of State was sailing finely; foreign nations were sure to succor; it was only a question of a few months; the blockade was a joke; privateers were successful; everything was going well. But a change came over the spirit of their dreams. Fort after fort fell into the hands of the Federal Government; foreign powers showed no signs of aid; Kentucky and Tennessee were lost to the rebellion; the people were disheartened; the Conscription Act was passed; New Orleans surrendered; even the papers were despondent; provisions were enormously dear; the Union cause was in a very hopeful, prosperous condition. Such was the state of affairs in the South on the 1st of June. The change from hope to sullen despair was too marked to be unnoticed by the dullest observer. The two thousand prisoners who were released by the rebels on parole during the month of May, returned hopeful — full of faith in the speedy triumph of the government; they had watched the rebellion from the inside — from behind the scenes; they had felt its wicked heart bounding with joy at Federal defeats, and watched its wavering step and flagging pulse as defeat after defeat overwhelmed them, — as discontent at home and disaster abroad weakened, — till at last, as we left, the giant seemed in the death-throes. A few convulsive throbs, — a few staggering attempts to

walk, and the giant will fall dead at the foot of a long-outraged government. So seems the contest to those who were condemned by the fortunes of war to months of inactivity under that flag, to destroy which they had sacrificed comfort and risked life.

THE END.

12*

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